

THE  
C H A C E.  
A  
P O E M.

---

By WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq;

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*Nec tibi cura canum fuerit postrema.*

VIRG. Georg. III.

*Romanis solenne viris opus, utile fame,  
Vitæque, & membris.*

HOR. Ep. xviii. Lib. 1.

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The FOURTH EDITION.

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MDCCXVII.

THE  
P R E F A C E.

THE Old and Infirm have at least this Privilege, that they can recall to their Minds those Scenes of Joy in which they once delighted, and ruminate over their past Pleasures, with a Satisfaction almost equal to the first Enjoyment. For those Ideas, to which any agreeable Sensation is annex'd, are easily excited; as leaving behind them the most strong and permanent Impressions. The Amusements of our Youth are the Boast and Comfort of our declining Years. The Ancients carried this Notion even yet further, and supposed their Heroes in the Elysian Fields were fond of the very same Diversions they exercised on Earth. Death it self could not wean them from the accustom'd Sports and Gayeties of Life.

Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæstris,  
Contendunt ludo, & fulvâ luctantur arenâ :  
Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, & carmina dicunt.  
Arma procul currusque virûm miratur inanes.  
Stant terrâ defixæ hastæ, passimque soluti  
Per campos pascuntur equi. Quæ gratia currûm  
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes  
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repôstos.

VIRG: Æneid. vi.

A 2

Part

## THE PREFACE.

Part on the grassy Cirque their pliant Limbs  
In Wrestling exercise, or on the Sands  
Struggling dispute the Prize. Part lead the Ring,  
Or swell the Chorus with alternate Lays.  
The Chief their Arms admires, their empty Cars,  
Their Lances fix'd in Earth. Th' unharness'd  
Steeds  
Graze unrestrain'd; Horses, and Cars, and Arms,  
All the same fond Desires, and pleasing Cares,  
Still haunt their Shades, and after Death survive.

*I hope therefore I may be indulged (even by the more grave and censorious Part of Mankind) if at my leisure Hours, I run over, in my Elbow-Chair, some of those Chaces, which were once the Delight of a more vigorous Age. It is an entertaining, and (as I conceive) a very innocent Amusement. The Result of these rambling Imaginations will be found in the following Poem; which if equally diverting to my Readers, as to my self, I shall have gain'd my End. I have intermix'd the preceptive Parts with so many Descriptions and Digressions in the Georgick Manner, that I hope they will not be tedious. I am sure they are very necessary to be well understood by any Gentleman, who would enjoy this noble Sport in full Perfection. In this at least I may comfort myself, that I cannot trespass upon their Patience more than Markham, Blome, and the other Prose Writers upon this Subject.*

*IT is most certain, that Hunting was the Exercise*

## THE PREFACE.

ercise of the greatest Heroes in Antiquity. By this they form'd themselves for War; and their Exploits against Wild Beasts were a Prelude to their future Victories. Xenophon says, that almost all the ancient Heroes, Nestor, Theseus, Castor, Pollux, Ulysses, Diomedes, Achilles, &c. were Μαθῆται Κυνηγετιῶν, Disciples of Hunting; being taught carefully that Art, as what would be highly serviceable to them in military Discipline. Xen. Cynegetic. And Pliny observes, those who were design'd for great Captains, were first taught certare cum fugacibus feris cursu, cum audacibus robore, cum callidis astu: to contest with the swiftest Wild Beasts, in Speed; with the boldest, in Strength; with the most cunning, in Craft and Subtilty. Plin. Panegyr. And the Roman Emperors, in those Monuments they erected to transmit their Actions to future Ages, made no scruple to join the Glories of the Chace to their most celebrated Triumphs. Neither were their Poets wanting to do Justice to this heroick Exercise. Beside that of Oppian in Greek, we have several Poems in Latin upon Hunting. Gratius was Contemporary with Ovid; as appears by this Verse,

Aptaque venanti Gratius arma dabit.

LIB. IV. PONT.

Gratius shall arm the Huntsman for the Chace.  
But of his Works only some Fragments remain. There

## THE P R E F A C E.

are many others of more modern Date. Amongst these Nemesianus, who seems very much superior to Gratius, though of a more degenerate Age. But only a Fragment of his first Book is preserv'd. We might indeed have expected to have seen it treated more at large by Virgil in his third Georgick, since it is expressly Part of his Subject. But he has favoured us only with ten Verses; and what he says of Dogs, relates wholly to Grey-bounds and Mastiffs.

Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque Molossum.

GEOR. III.

The Greyhound swift, and Mastiff's furious Breed.

And he directs us to feed them, with Butter-Milk. Pasce Sero pingui. He has, it is true, touch'd upon the Chace in the 4<sup>th</sup> and 7<sup>th</sup> Books of the Æneid. But it is evident, that the Art of Hunting is very different now, from what it was in his Days, and very much alter'd and improv'd in these latter Ages. It does not appear to me that the Ancients had any Notion of pursuing Wild Beasts by the Scent only, with a regular and well-disciplin'd Pack of Hounds; and therefore they must have pass'd for Poachers amongst our modern Sportsmen. The Muster Roll given us by Ovid, in his Story of Actæon is of all Sorts of Dogs, and of all Countries. And the Description of the ancient Hunting, as we find it in the Antiquities of Pere de Montfaucon taken from

## THE PREFACE.

*the Sepulchre of the Nasos, and the Arch of Constantine, has not the least Trace of the Manner now in Use.*

*WHENEVER the Ancients mention Dogs followed by the Scent, they mean no more than finding out the Game by the Nose of one single Dog. This was as much as they knew of the Odora canum vis. Thus Nemesianus says,*

*Odorato noscunt vestigia prato.*

*Atque etiam leporum secreta cubilia monstrant.*

*They challenge on the Mead the recent Stains,  
And trail the Hare unto her secret Form.*

Oppian has a long Description of these Dogs in his first Book from Ver. 479 to 526. And here, tho' he seems to describe the Hunting of the Hare by the Scent thro' many Turnings and Windings; yet he really says no more, than that one of those Hounds, which he calls *ἰχνευτὴς*, finds out the Game. For he follows the Scent no further than the Hare's Form; from whence, after he has started her, he pursues her by Sight. I am indebted for these two last Remarks to a reverend and very learned Gentleman, whose Judgment in the Belles Lettres no Body disputes, and whose Approbation gave me the Assurance to publish this Poem.

OPPIAN also observes, that the best Sort of these Finders were brought from Britain; this Island having always been famous (as it is at this Day) for the

## THE PREFACE.

best Breed of Hounds, for Persons the best skill'd in the Art of Hunting, and for Horses the most enduring to follow the Chace. It is therefore strange that none of our Poets have yet thought it worth their while to treat of this Subject; which is without doubt very noble in itself, and very well adapted to receive the most beautiful Turns of Poetry. Perhaps our Poets have no great Genius for Hunting. Yet I hope, my Brethren of the Couples, by encouraging this first, but imperfect, Essay, will shew the World they have at least some Taste for Poetry.

THE Ancients esteem'd Hunting, not only as a manly and warlike Exercise, but as highly conducive to Health. The famous Galen recommends it above all others, as not only exercising the Body, but giving Delight and Entertainment to the Mind. And he calls the Inventors of this Art wise Men, and well skill'd in human Nature. Lib. de parvæ pilæ Exercitio.

THE Gentlemen, who are fond of a Gingle at the Close of every Verse, and think no Poem truly musical but what is in Rhime, will here find themselves disappointed. If they be pleased to read over the short Preface before the Paradise Lost, Mr. Smith's Poem in Memory of his Friend Mr. John Philips, and the Archbishop of Cambray's Letter to Monsieur Fontenelle, they may probably be of another Opinion. For my own Part, I shall not be

## THE PREFACE.

askam'd to follow the Example of Milton, Philips, Thomson, and all our best tragick Writers.

SOME few Terms of Art are dispers'd here and there; but such only as are absolutely requisite to explain my Subject. I hope in this the Criticks will excuse me; for I am humbly of Opinion, that the Affectation, and not the necessary Use, is the proper Object of their Censure.

BUT I have done. I know the Impatience of my Brethren, when a fine Day, and the Consort of the Kennel, invite them abroad. I shall therefore leave my Reader to such Diversion, as he may find in the Poem it self.

En age, Segnes,  
Rumpe moras; vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,  
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum;  
Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.

VIRG. GEORG. III.

Hark, away,  
Cast far behind the lingring Cares of Life.  
Cithæron calls aloud, and in full Cry  
Thy Hounds, Taygetus. Epidaurus trains  
For us the gen'rous Steed; the Hunter's Shouts,  
And chearing Cries, assenting Woods return.

TO

TO

William Somerville, Esq;

On his POEM call'd

The CHACE.

WHILE you, Sir, gain the Steep Ascent to  
Fame,

And Honours due to deathless Merit claim;

To a weak Muse a kind Indulgence lend,

Fond with just Praise your Labours to commend,

And tell the World, that Somerville's ber Friend.

Her Incense guiltless of the Forms of Art

Breaths all the Huntsman's Honesty of Heart;

Whose Fancy still the pleasing Scene retains

Of Edric's Villa, and Ardenna's Plains:

Joys,

joys, which from Change superiour Charms receiv'd,  
The Horn boarſe sounding by the Lyre reliev'd :  
When the Day crown'd with rural chaste Delight,  
Resigns obsequious to the festive Night ;  
The festive Night awakes th' harmonious Lay,  
And in sweet Verse recounts the Triumphs of the Day.

Strange ! that the British Muse ſhould leave ſo long,  
The Chace, the Sport of Britain's Kings, unsung !  
Diftinguifh'd Land ! by Heav'n indulg'd to breed  
The stout, ſagacious Hound, and gen'rous Steed ;  
In vain ! while yet no Bard adorn'd our Iſle,  
To celebrate the glorious ſylvan Toil.  
For this what darling Son ſhall feel thy Fire,  
God of th' unerring Bow, and tuneful Lyre ?  
Our Vows are heard —— Attend, ye vocal Throng,  
Somerville meditates th' advent'rous Song.

Bold

*Bold to attempt, and happy to excell,  
His num'rous Verse the Huntsman's Art shall tell.  
From him, ye British Youths, a vig'rous Race,  
Imbibe the various Science of the Chace ;  
And while the well-plan'd System you admire,  
Know BRUNSWICK only could the Work inspire :  
A Georgic Muse awaits AUGUSTAN Days,  
And Somerviles will sing, when FREDERICS give the  
Bays.*

JOHN NIXON.

TO

TO THE  
A U T H O R  
O F  
The C H A C E.

**O**NCE more, my Friend, I touch the trembling  
Lyre,  
And in my Bosom feel poetick Fire.  
For thee I quit the Law's more rugged Ways,  
To pay my bumble Tribute to thy Lays.  
What, tho' I daily turn each learned Sage,  
And labour thro' the unenlighten'd Page:  
Wak'd by thy Lines, the borrow'd Flames I feel,  
As Flints give Fire when aided by the Steel.

*The*

Tho' in sulphureous Clouds of Smoak confin'd,

Tby rural Scenes spring fresh into my Mind.

Tby Genius in such Colours paints the Chace,

The real to fletitious Joys give Place.

When the wild Musick charms my ravish'd Ear,

How dull, how tasteless Handel's Notes appear !

Ev'n Farenelli's Self the Palm resigns,

He yields —— but to the Musick of thy Lines.

If Friends to Poetry can yet be found ;

Who without blushing Sense prefer to Sound ;

Then let this soft, this Soul-enfeebling Band,

These warbling Minstrels quit the beggar'd Land.

They but a momentary Joy impart,

'Tis you, who touch the Soul, and warm the Heart.

How tempting do thy sylvan Sports appear !

Ev'n wild Ambition might vouchsafe an Ear,

Might her fond Lust of Pow'r a while compose,

And gladly change it for thy sweet Repose.

No fierce, unruly Senates, threaten here,  
No Axe, no Scaffold, to the View appear,  
No Envy, Disappointment, and Despair. }  
  
Here, blest Vicissitude! whene'er you please,  
You step from Exercise to learned Ease ;  
Turn o'er each Clasick Page, each Beauty trace,  
The Mind unwearied in the pleasing Chase.  
  
Oh! would kind Heav'n such Happiness bestow,  
Let Fools, let Knaves, be Masters here below.  
Grandeur and Place, those Baits to catch the Wise,  
And all their pageant Train, I pity and despise.

J. TRACY.

THE

## The ARGUMENT of the first Book.

**T**HE Subject proposed. Address to his Royal Highness the Prince. The Origin of Hunting. The rude and unpolish'd Manner of the first Hunters. Beasts at first hunted for Food and Sacrifice. The Grant made by God to Man of the Beasts &c. The regular Manner of Hunting first brought into this Island by the Normans. The best Hounds and best Horses bred here. The Advantage of this Exercise to us, as Islanders. Address to Gentlemen of Estates. Situation of the Kennel and its several Courts. The Diversion and Employment of Hounds in the Kennel. The different Sorts of Hounds for each different Chase. Description of a perfect Hound. Of sizing and sorting of Hounds, the middle-sized Hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouth'd Hound for hunting the Stag and Otter. Of the Lime Hound; their Use on the Borders of England and Scotland. A Physical Account of Scents. Of good and bad scenting Days. A short Admonition to my Brethren of the Couples.

III

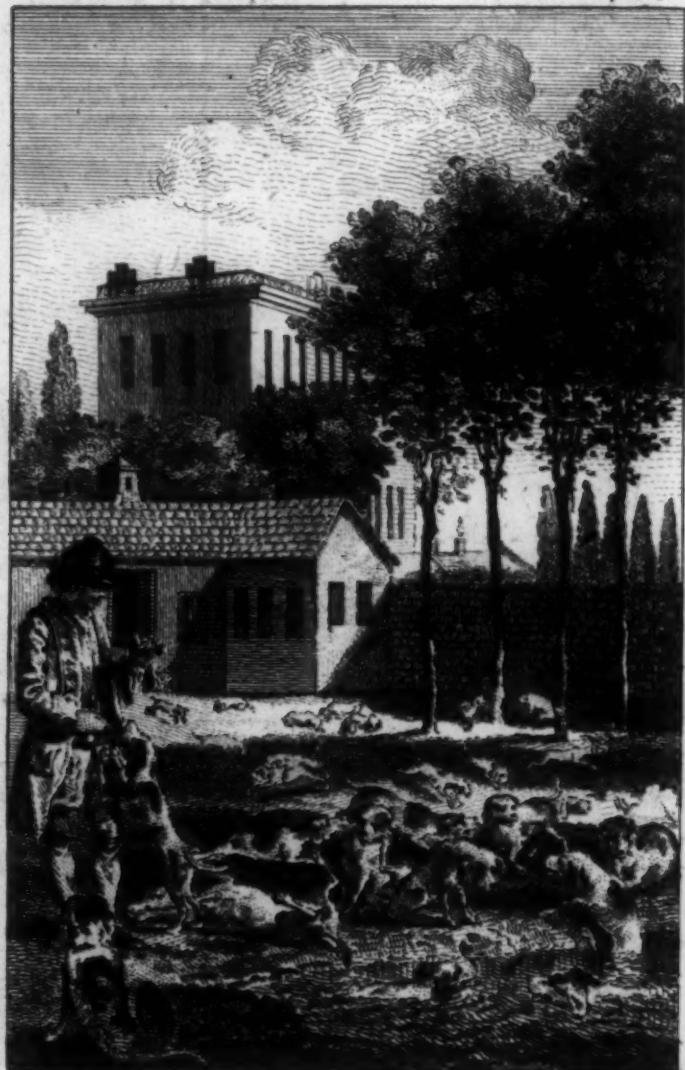
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THE

Book 1<sup>st</sup> page 9.



A. Walker del. et Sculp.

1100. TO M. SHILL

THE

# CHACE.

A  
POEM.

THE Chace I sing, Hounds, and their various Breed,  
And no less various Use. O thou Great Prince !  
Whom *Cambria's* tow'ring Hills proclaim their Lord,  
Deign thou to hear my bold, instructive Song.  
While grateful Citizens with pompous Shew,  
Rear the triumphal Arch, rich with th'Exploits  
Of thy illustrious House ; while Virgins pave  
Thy Way with Flow'rs, and, as the Royal Youth  
Passing they view, admire, and sigh in vain ;  
While crowded Theatres, too fondly proud

10  
B Of

Of their exotick Minstrels, and shrill Pipes,  
The Price of Manhood, hail thee with a Song,  
And Airs soft-warbling; my hoarse-sounding Horn  
Invites thee to the Chace, the Sport of Kings;  
Image of War, without its Guilt. The Muse 15  
Aloft on Wing shall soar, conduct with Care  
Thy foaming Courser o'er the steepy Rock,  
Or on the River Bank receive thee safe,  
Light-bounding o'er the Wave, from Shore to Shore.  
Be thou our great Protector, gracious Youth! 20  
And if in future Times, some envious Prince,  
Careless of Right and guileful, shou'd invade  
Thy *Britain's* Commerce, or shou'd strive in vain  
To wreft the Balance from thy equal Hand;  
Thy Hunter-Train, in chearful Green array'd, 25  
(A Band undaunted, and inur'd to Toils,)  
Shall compass thee around, dye at thy Feet,  
Or hew thy Passage thro' th'embattled Foe,

And

BOOK I. THE CHACE.

3

And clear thy Way to Fame; inspir'd by thee  
The nobler Chace of Glory shall pursue 30  
Thro' Fire, and Smoke, and Blood, and Fields of  
Death.

NATURE, in her Productions flow, aspires  
By just Degrees to reach Perfection's Height:  
So mimick Art works leisurely, 'till Time  
Improve the Piece, or wise experience give 35  
The proper Finishing. When *Nimrod* bold,  
That mighty Hunter, first made War on Beasts,  
And stain'd the Wood-land Green with purple Dye,  
New, and unpolish'd was the Huntsman's Art;  
No stated Rule, his wanton Will his Guide. 40  
With Clubs and Stones, rude Implements of War,  
He arm'd his savage Bands, a Multitude  
Untrain'd; of twining Osiers form'd, they pitch  
Their artless Tails, then range the desert Hills,

And scow'r the Plains below; the trembling Herd 45

Start at th'unusual Sound, and clam'rous Shout

Unhear'd before; surpriz'd alas! to find

Man now their Foe, whom erst they deem'd their Lord,

But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet

Secure they graz'd. Death stretches o'er the Plain 50

Wide-wasting, and grim Slaughter red with Blood:

Urg'd on by Hunger keen, they wound, they kill,

Their Rage licentious knows no bound; at last

Incumber'd with their Spoils, joyful they bear

Upon their Shoulders broad, the bleeding Prey. 55

Part on their Altars smokes a Sacrifice

To that all-gracious Pow'r, whose bounteous Hand

Supports his wide Creation; what remains

On living Coals they broil, inelegant

Of Taste, nor skill'd as yet in nicer Arts

Of pamper'd Luxury. Devotion pure,

And strong Necessity, thus first began

BOOK I. THE CHACE.

5

The Chace of Beasts : Tho' bloody was the Deed,

Yet without Guilt. For the green Herb alone

Unequal to sustain Man's lab'ring Race,

65

\* Now ev'ry moving Thing that liv'd on Earth

Was granted him for Food. So just is Heav'n,

To give us in Proportion to our Wants.

OR Chance or Industry in After-Times

Some few Improvements made, but short as yet 70

Of due Perfection. In this Isle remote

Our painted Ancestors were slow to learn,

To Arms devote, of the politer Arts

Nor skill'd nor studious ; 'till from *Neustria's* Coasts

Victorious *William*, to more decent Rules

75

Subdu'd our *Saxon* Fathers, taught to speak

The proper Dialect, with Horn and Voice

To chear the busy Hound, whose well-known Cry

\* Gen. chap. ix. ver. 3.

B 3

His

His list'ning Peers approve with joint Acclaim.

From him successive Huntsmen learn'd to join

80

In bloody social Leagues, the Multitude

Dispers'd, to size, to sort their various Tribes,

To rear, feed, hunt, and discipline the Pack.

HAIL, happy *Britain* ! highly favour'd Isle,

And Heav'n's peculiar Care ! To thee 'tis giv'n

85

To train the sprightly Steed, more fleet than those

Begot by Winds, or the celestial Breed

That bore the great *Pelides* thro' the Press

Of Heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded Ranks ;

Which proudly neighing, with the Sun begins

90

Chearful his Course ; and e'er his Beams decline,

Has measur'd half thy Surface unfatigued.

In thee alone, fair Land of Liberty !

Is bred the perfect Hound, in Scent and Speed

As yet unrivall'd, while in other Climes

95

The

## Book I. THE CHACE.

7

Their Virtue fails, a weak degen'rate Race.  
In vain malignant Steams, and Winter Fogs  
Load the dull Air, and hover round our Coasts,  
The Huntsman ever gay, robust, and bold,  
Defies the noxious Vapour, and confides 100  
In this delightful Exercise, to raise  
His drooping Herd and cheer his Heart with Joy.

85  
Ye vig'rous Youths, by smiling Fortune blest  
With large Demesnes, hereditary Wealth,  
Heap'd copious by your wise Fore-Fathers Care, 105  
Hear and attend ! while I the Means reveal  
T'enjoy those Pleasures, for the Weak too strong,  
Too costly for the Poor : To rein the Steed  
Swift-stretching o'er the Plain, to chear the Pack  
Op'ning in Consorts of harmonious Joy, 110  
But breathing Death. What tho' the Gripe severe  
Of brazen-fisted Time, and slow Disease

Creeping thro' ev'ry Vein, and Nerve unstrung,  
Afflict my shatter'd Frame, undaunted still,  
Fix'd as a Mountain Ash, that braves the Bolts 115  
Of angry *Jove*; tho' blasted, yet unfallen;  
Still can my Soul in Fancy's Mirrour view  
Deeds glorious once, recal the joyous Scene  
In all its Splendors deck'd, o'er the full Bowl  
Recount my Triumphs past, urge others on 120  
With Hand and Voice, and point the winding Way:  
Pleas'd with that social sweet Garrulity,  
The poor disbanded Vet'ran's sole Delight.

FIRST let the Kennel be the Huntsman's Care,  
Upon some little Eminence erect, 125  
And fronting to the ruddy Dawn; its Courts  
On either Hand wide op'ning to receive  
The Sun's all-clearing Beams, when mild he shines,  
And gilds the Mountain Tops. For much the Pack

(Rous'd

## BOOK I. THE CHACE.

9

(Rous'd from their dark Alcoves) delight to stretch,  
And bask, in his invigorating Ray : 131  
Warn'd by the streaming Light, and merry Lark,  
Forth rush the jolly Clan ; with tuneful Throats  
They carol loud, and in grand Chorus join'd  
Salute the new-born Day. For not alone 135  
The vegetable World, but Men and Brutes  
Own his reviving Influence, and joy  
At his Approach. Fountain of Light ! if Chance  
Some envious Cloud veil thy resplendent Brow,  
In vain the Muses aid, untouched, unstrung, 140  
Lies my mute Harp, and thy desponding Bard  
Sits darkly musing o'er th' unfinish'd Lay.

LET no *Corinthian* Pillars prop the Dome,  
A vain Expence, on charitable Deeds 141  
Better dispos'd, to cloath the tatter'd Wretch, 145  
Who shrinks beneath the Blast, to feed the Poor

Pinch'd

Pinch'd with afflictive Want: For Use, not State,  
Gracefully plain, let each Apartment rise.  
O'er all let Cleanliness preside, no Scraps  
Bestrew the Pavement, and no half-pick'd Bones, 150  
To kindle fierce Debate, or to disgust  
That nicer Sense, on which the Sportsman's Hope,  
And all his future Triumphs must depend.  
Soon as the growling Pack with eager Joy  
Have lapp'd their smoking Viands, Morn or Eve, 155  
From the full Cistern lead the ductile Streams,  
To wash thy Court well-pav'd, nor spare thy Pains,  
For much to Health will Cleanliness avail.  
Seek'ft thou for Hounds to climb the rocky Steep,  
And brush th'entangled Covert, whose nice Scent 160  
O'er greasy Fallows, and frequented Roads  
Can pick the dubious Way? Banish far off  
Each noisome Stench, let no offensive Smell  
Inade thy wide Inclosure, but admit

## Book I. THE CHACE.

II

The nitrous Air, and purifying Breeze.

165

WATER and Shade no less demand thy Care :

In a large Square th'adjacent Field inclose,

There plant in equal Ranks the spreading Elm,

Or fragrant Lime ; most happy thy Design,

If at the bottom of thy spacious Court,

170

A large Canal fed by the crystal Brook,

From its transparent Bosom shall reflect

Downward thy Structure and inverted Grove.

Here when the Sun's too potent Gleams annoy

The crowded Kennel, and the drooping Pack 175

Restless and faint, loll their unmoisten'd Tongues,

And drop their feeble Tails ; to cooler Shades

Lead forth the panting Tribe ; soon shalt thou find

The cordial Breeze their fainting Hearts revive :

Tumultuous soon they plunge into the Stream, 180

There lave their reeking Sides, with greedy Joy

Gulp

Gulp down the flying Wave, this Way and that  
From Shore to Shore they swim, while Clamour loud  
And wild Uproar torments the troubled Flood :  
Then on the sunny Bank they roll and stretch 185  
Their dripping Limbs, or else in wanton Rings  
Coursing around, purfing and pursu'd,  
The merry Multitude disporting play.

BUT here with watchful and observant Eye,  
Attend their Frolicks, which too often end 190  
In bloody Broils and Death. High o'er thy Head  
Wave thy resounding Whip, and with a Voice  
Fierce-menacing o'er-rule the stern Debate,  
And quench their kindling Rage ; for oft in Sport  
Begun, Combat ensues, growling they snarl, 195  
Then on their Haunches rear'd, rampant they seize  
Each other's Throats, with Teeth, and Claws, in  
Gore

Be-

Besmear'd, they wound, they tear, 'till on the Ground,  
Panting, half dead the conquer'd Champion lies:

Then sudden all the base ignoble Crowd 200

Loud-clam'ring seize the helpless worried Wretch,  
And thirsting for his Blood, drag diff'rent Ways  
His mangled Carcass on th'ensanguin'd Plain.

O Breasts of Pity void! t'oppress the Weak,  
To point your Vengeance at the friendless Head, 205  
And with one mutual Cry insult the Fall'n!  
Emblem too just of Man's degen'rate Race:

OTHERS apart by native Instinct led,  
Knowing Instructor! 'mong the ranker Grafs 210  
Cull each salubrious Plant, with bitter Juice  
Concoctive stor'd, and potent to allay  
Each vicious Ferment. Thus the Hand divine  
Of Providence, beneficent and kind  
To all his Creatures, for the Brutes prescribes

A ready Remedy, and is himself 215  
Their great Physician. Now grown stiff with Age,  
And many a painful Chace, the wise old Hound  
Regardless of the frolick Pack, attends  
His Master's Side, or slumbers at his Ease  
Beneath the bending Shade ; there many a Ring 220  
Runs o're in Dreams ; now on the doubtful Foil  
Puzzles perplex'd, or Doubles intricate  
Cautious unfolds, then wing'd with all his Speed,  
Bounds o'er the Lawn to seize his panting Prey :  
And in imperfect Whimp'rings speaks his Joy. 225

A diff'rent Hound for ev'ry diff'rent Chace  
Select with Judgment ; nor the tim'rous Hare  
O'er-match'd destroy, but leave that vile Offence  
To the mean, murd'rous, coursing Crew ; intent  
On Blood and Spoil. O blast their Hopes, just  
Heav'n ! 230  
And

And all their painful Drudgeries repay

With Disappointment and severe Remorse.

But husband thou thy Pleasures, and give Scope

To all her subtle Play : By Nature led

A thousand Shifts she tries ; t'unravel these

235

Th' industrious Beagle twists his waving Tail.

Thro' all her Labyrinths pursues, and rings

Her doleful Knell. See there with Count'nance

blith,

And with a courtly grin, the fawning Hound

Salutes thee cow'ring, his wide op'ning Nose

240

Upward he curls, and his large Sloe-black Eyes

Melt in soft Blandishments, and humble Joy ;

His glossy Skin, or Yellow-pied, or Blue,

In Lights or Shades by Nature's Pencil drawn,

Reflects the various Tints ; his Ears and Legs

245

Fleckt here and there, in gay enamel'd Pride,

Rival the speckled Pard ; his Rush-grown Tail

O'er

O'er his broad Back bends in an ample Arch ;  
On Shoulders clean, upright and firm he stands ;  
His round Cat Foot, strait Hams, and wide-spread  
Thighs, 250  
And his low-dropping Chest, confess his Speed,  
His Strength, his Wind, or on the steepy Hill,  
Or far extended Plain ; in ev'ry Part  
So well proportion'd, that the nicer Skill  
Of *Pbidas* himself can't blame thy Choice. 255  
Of such compose thy Pack. But here a Mean  
Observe, nor the large Hound prefer, of Size  
Gigantick ; he in the thick-woven Covert  
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny Brake  
Torn and embarrass'd bleeds : But if too small, 260  
The pigmy Brood in ev'ry Furrow swims ;  
Moil'd in the clogging Clay, panting they lag  
Behind inglorious ; or else shivering creep  
Benumb'd and faint beneath the shelt'ring Thorn.

For Hounds of middle Size, active and strong, 265

Will better answer all thy various Ends,

And crown thy pleasing Labours with Success.

As some brave captain, curious and exact,

By his fix'd Standard forms in equal Ranks

His gay Battalion, as one Man they move 270

Step after Step, their Size the same, their Arms

Far-gleaming, dart the same united Blaze :

Reviewing Generals his Merit own ;

How regular ! How just ! And all his Cares

Are well repaid, if mighty GEORGE approve. 275

So model thou thy Pack, if Honour touch

Thy gen'rous Soul, and the World's just Applause.

But above all take heed, nor mix thy Hounds

Of diff'rent Kinds ; discordant Sounds shall grate

Thy Ears offended, and a lagging Line 280

Of babling Curs disgrace thy broken Pack.

But if th'amphibious Otter be thy Chace,  
Or stately Stag, that o'er the Woodland reigns ;  
Or if th'harmonious Thunder of the Field 184  
Delight thy ravish'd Ears ; the deep-flew'd Hound  
Breed up with Care, strong, heavy, slow, but sure ;  
Whose Ears down-hanging from his thick round  
Head }  
Shall sweep the Morning Dew, whose clanging  
Voice  
Awake the Mountain Echo in her Cell,  
And shake the Forests : The bold Talbot Kind 290  
Of these the Prime, as white as *Alpine* Snows ;  
And great their Use of old. Upon the Banks  
Of *Tweed*, slow-winding thro' the Vale, the Seat  
Of War and Rapine once, e'er *Britons* knew  
The Sweets of Peace, or *Anna's* dread Com-  
mands 295  
To lasting Leagues the haughty Rivals aw'd,

There

There dwelt a pil'ring Race; well-train'd and  
skill'd

In all the Mysteries of Theft, the Spoil

Their only Substance, Feuds and War their Sport:

Not more expert in ev'ry fraudulent Art 300

Th' Arch \* Felon was of old, who by the Tail

Drew back his lowing Prize: In vain his Wiles,

In vain the Shelter of the cov'ring Rock,

In vain the footy Cloud, and ruddy Flames

That issu'd from his Mouth; for soon he paid 305

His forfeit Life: A Debt how justly due

To wrong'd *Alcides*, and avenging Heav'n!

Veil'd in the Shades of Night they ford the Stream,

Then proling far and near, whate'er they seize

Becomes their Prey; nor Flocks nor Herds are

safe, 310

Nor Stalls protect the Steer, nor strong barr'd Doors

\* Cacus, Virg. *AEn.* Lib. VIII.

Secure the fav'rite Horse. Soon as the Morn  
Reveals his Wrongs, with ghastly Visage wan  
The plunder'd Owner stands, and from his Lips  
A thousand thronging Curses burst their Way : 315  
He calls his stout Allies, and in a Line  
His faithful Hound he leads, then with a Voice  
That utters loud his Rage, attentive chears :  
Soon the sagacious Brute, his curling Tail  
Flourish'd in Air, low-bending plies around 320  
His busy Nose, the steaming Vapour snuffs  
Inquisitive, nor leaves one Turf untried,  
'Till conscious of the recent Stains, his Heart  
Beats quick ; his snuffling Nose, his active Tail  
Attest his Joy ; then with deep op'ning Mouth 325  
That makes the Welkin tremble, he proclaims  
Th'audacious Felon ; Foot by Foot he marks  
His winding Way, while all the list'ning Crowd  
Applaud his Reas'nings. O'er the wat'ry Ford,

## BOOK I. THE CHACE.

21

Dry sandy Heaths, and stony barren Hills, 330

O'er beaten Paths, with Men and Beasts distain'd,

Unerring he pursues ; till at the Cot

Arriv'd, and seizing by his guilty Throat

The Caitif vile, redeems the captive Prey :

So exquisitely delicate his Sense ! 335

SHOU'D some more curious Sportsman here en-

quire,

Whence this Sagacity, this wond'rous Pow'r

Of tracing Step by Step, or Man or Brute ?

What Guide invisible points out their Way, 239

Over the dank Marsh, bleak Hill, and sandy Plain ?

The courteous Muse shall the dark Cause reveal.

The Blood that from the Heart incessant rolls

In many a crimson Tide, then here and there

In smaller Rills disparted, as it flows

Propell'd, the serous Particles evade 345

C 3

Thro'

Thro' th'open Pores, and with the ambient Air  
Entangling mix. As fuming Vapours rise,  
And hang upon the gently purling Brook,  
There by th'incumbent Atmosphere compres'd.  
The panting Chace grows warmer as he flies, 350  
And thro' the Net-work of the Skin perspires ;  
Leaves a long-streaming Trail behind, which by  
The cooler Air condens'd, remains, unless  
By some rude Storm dispers'd, or rarified  
By the Meridian Sun's intenser Heat. 355  
To ev'ry Shrub the warm Effluvia cling,  
Hang on the Grafs, impregnate Earth and Skies.  
With Nostrils op'ning wide, o'er Hill, o'er Dale,  
The vig'rous Hounds pursue, with ev'ry Breath  
Inhalè the grateful Steam, quick Pleasures sting 360  
Their tingling Nerves, while they their Thanks re-  
pay,  
And in triumphant Melody confess

And rusty Couples gingling by his Side.

Be thou of other Mold; and know that such

Transporting Pleasures, were by Heav'n ordain'd

Wisdom's Relief, and Virtue's great Reward. 400



## The ARGUMENT of the Second Book.

**O**F the Power of Instinct in Brutes. Two remarkable Instances in the Hunting of the Roe-buck, and in the Hare going to Seat in the Morning. Of the Variety of Seats or Forms of the Hare, according to the Change of the Season, Weather, or Wind. Description of the Hare-hunting in all its Parts, interspers'd with Rules to be observ'd by those who follow that Chace. Transition to the Asiatick Way of Hunting, particularly the magnificent Manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian Princes, taken from Monsieur Bernier, and the History of Gengiskan the Great. Concludes with a short Reproof of Tyrants and Oppressors of Mankind.



Book 6. page 36.



A. Walker del. et Sculp.

BOOK I. THE CHACE.

23

The titillating Joy. Thus on the Air

Depend the Hunter's Hopes. When ruddy Streaks

At Eve forebode a blust'ring stormy Day, 365

Or low'ring Clouds blacken the Mountain's Brow,

When nipping Frosts, and the keen biting Blasts

Of the dry parching East, menace the Trees

With tender Blossoms teeming, kindly spare

Thy sleeping Pack, in their warm Beds of Straw 370

Low-sinking at their Ease; listless they shrink

Into some dark Recess, nor hear thy Voice

Tho' oft invok'd; or haply if thy Call

Rouze up the slumb'ring Tribe, with heavy Eyes

Glaz'd, lifeless, dull, downward they drop their

Tails 375

Inverted; high on their bent Backs erect

Their pointed Bristles stare, or 'mong the Tufts

Of ranker Weeds, each Stomach-healing Plant

Curious they crop, sick, spiritless, forlorn.

C 4

These

These inauspicious Days, on other Cares 380

Employ thy precious Hours ; th'improving Friend

With open Arms embrace, and from his Lips

Glean Science, season'd with good-natur'd Wit.

But if th'inclement Skies, and angry *Jove*

Forbid the pleasing Intercourse, thy Books 385

Invite thy ready Hand, each sacred Page.

Rich with the wise Remarks of Heroes old.

Converse familiar with th' illustrious Dead ;

With great Examples of old *Greece* or *Rome*

Enlarge thy free-born Heart, and bless kind Heav'n,

That *Britain* yet enjoys dear Liberty,

That Balm of Life, that sweetest Blessing, cheap

Tho' purchas'd with our Blood. Well-bred, polite,

Credit thy Calling. See ! how mean, how low,

The bookless fauntring Youth, proud of the Skut 395

That dignifies his Cap, his flourish'd Belt,

And

## BOOK the Second.

**N**O R will it less delight th'attentive Sage  
T'observe that Instinct, which unerring  
guides

The brutal Race, which mimicks Reason's Lore  
And oft transcends: Heav'n-taught the Roe-buck swift  
Loiters at Ease before the driving Pack 5  
And mocks their vain Pursuit, nor far he flies  
But checks his Ardour, 'till the steaming Scent  
That freshens on the Blade, provokes their Rage.  
Urg'd to their Speed, his weak deluded Foes  
Soon flag fatigued; strain'd to Excess each Nerve, to  
Each slacken'd Sinew fails; they pant, they foam;  
Then o'er the Lawn he bounds, o'er the high Hills  
Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd Crowd  
To puzzle in the distant Vale below.

'Tis Instinct that directs the jealous Hare 15  
To chuse her soft Abode : With Step revers'd  
She forms the doubling Maze ; then, e'er the Morn  
Peeps thro' the Clouds, leaps to her close Recess.

As wand'ring Shepherds on th' *Arabian* Plains  
No settled Residence observe, but shift 20  
Their moving Camp, now, on some cooler Hill  
With Cedars crown'd, court the refreshing Breeze ;  
And then, below, where trickling Streams distill  
From some penurious Source, their Thirst allay,  
And feed their fainting Flocks : So the wise Hares 25  
Oft quit their Seats, lest some more curious Eye  
Shou'd mark their Haunts, and by dark treach'rous  
Wiles  
Plot their Destruction ; or perchance in hopes

Of

## BOOK II. THE CHACE.

29

Of plenteous Forage, near the ranker Mead,  
Or matted Blade, wary, and close they sit. 30  
When Spring shines forth, Season of Love and Joy,  
In the moist Marsh, 'mong Beds of Rushes hid,  
They cool their boiling Blood: When Summer Suns  
Bake the cleft Earth, to thick wide-waving Fields  
Of Corn full-grown, they lead their helpless young: 35  
But when autumnal Torrents, and fierce Rains  
Deluge the Vale, in the dry crumbling Bank  
Their Forms they delve, and cautiously avoid  
The dripping Covert: Yet when Winter's Cold  
Their Limbs benumbs, thither with Speed return'd 40  
In the long Gras they skulk, or shrinking creep  
Among the wither'd Leaves, thus changing still,  
As Fancy prompts them, or as Food invites.  
But ev'ry Season carefully observ'd,  
Th'inconstant Winds, the fickle Element, 45  
The wise experienc'd Huntsman soon may find

His

His subtle, various Game, nor waste in vain  
His tedious Hours, 'till his impatient Hounds  
With Disappointment vex'd, each springing Lark  
Babbling pursue, far scatter'd o'er the Fields. 50

Now golden Autumn from her open Lap  
Her fragrant Bounties show'rs; the Fields are shorn;  
Inwardly smiling, the proud Farmer views  
The rising Pyramids that grace his Yard,  
And counts his large Increase; his Barns are stor'd, 55  
And groaning Staddles bend beneath their Load.  
All now is free as Air, and the gay Pack  
In the rough bristly Stubbles range unblam'd;  
No Widow's Tears o'erflow, no secret Curse  
Swells in the Farmer's Breast, which his pale Lips 60  
Trembling conceal, by his fierce Landlord aw'd:  
But courteous now he levels ev'ry Fence,  
Joins in the common Cry, and hollows loud,

Charm'd

Charm'd with the rattling Thunder of the Field.

Oh bear me, some kind Pow'r invisible ! 65

To that extended Lawn, where the gay Court

View the swift Racers, stretching to the Goal ;

Games more renown'd, and a far nobler Train,

Than proud *Elean* Fields could boast of old.

Oh ! were a *Theban* Lyre not wanting here, 70

And *Pindar*'s Voice, to do their Merit right !

Or to those spacious Plains, where the strain'd Eye

In the wide Prospect lost, beholds at last

*Sarum*'s proud Spire, that o'er the Hills ascends,

And pierces through the Clouds. Or to thy Downs, 75

Fair *Cotswold*, where the well-breath'd Beagle climbs,

With matchless Speed, thy green aspiring Brow,

And leaves the lagging Multitude behind.

HAIL, gentle Dawn ! Mild blushing Goddess, hail !

Rejoic'd I see thy purple Mantle spread

80

O'er

O'er half the Skies, Gems pave thy radiant Way,

And orient Pearls from ev'ry Shrub depend.

Farewel, *Cleora*; here deep funk in Down

Slumber secure, with happy Dreams amus'd,

\*Till grateful Steams shall tempt thee to receive

Thy early Meal, or thy officious Maids,

The Toilet plac'd, shall urge thee to perform

Th'important Work. Me other Joys invite,

The Horn sonorous calls, the Pack awak'd

Their Mattins chant, nor brook my long Delay.

My Courser hears their Voice; see there with Ears

And Tail erect, neighing he paws the Ground;

Fierce Rapture kindles in his red'ning Eyes,

And boils in ev'ry Vein. As captive Boys

Cow'd by the ruling Rod, and haughty Frowns

Of Pedagogues severe, from their hard Tasks

If once dismiss'd, no Limits can contain

The Tumult rais'd, within their little Breasts

But give a Loose to all their frolick Play:

So from their kennel rush the joyous Pack; 100

A thousand wanton Gayeties express

Their inward Extasy, their pleasing Sport

Once more indulg'd, and Liberty restor'd.

The rising Sun that o'er th'Horizon peeps,

As many Colours from their glossy Skins 105

Beaming reflects, as paint the various Bow

When *April* Show'rs descend. Delightful Scene!

Where all around is gay, Men, Horses, Dogs,

And in each smiling Countenance appears

Fresh-blooming Health, and universal Joy. 110

HUNTSMAN, lead on! behind the clust'ring Pack

Submiss attend, hear with respect thy Whip

Loud-clanging, and thy harsher Voice obey:

Spare not the straggling Cur, that wildly roves;

But let thy brisk Assistant on his Back 115

Imprint thy just Resentments ; let each Lash  
Bite to the Quick, 'till howling he return  
And whining creep amid the trembling Crowd.

HERE on this verdant Spot, where Nature kind,  
With double Blessings crowns the Farmer's Hopes ;  
Where Flow'rs autumnal Spring, and the rank Mead  
Affords the wand'ring Hares a rich Repast ;  
Throw off thy ready Pack. See, where they spread  
And range around, and dash the glitt'ring Dew. 124  
If some stanch Hound, with his authentick Voice,  
Avow the recent Trail, the justling Tribe  
Attend his Call, then with one mutual Cry,  
The welcome News confirm, and echoing Hills  
Repeat the pleasing Tale. See how they thread  
The Brakes, and up yon Furrow drive along ! 130  
But quick they back recoil, and wisely check  
Their eager Haste ; then o'er the fallow'd Ground

How

How leisurely they work, and many a Pausē  
Th'harmonious Consort breaks ; 'till more assur'd  
With Joy redoubled the low Vallies ring. 135

What artful Labyrinths perplex their Way !  
Ah ! there she lies ; how close ! she pants, she doubts  
If now she lives ; she trembles as she sits,  
With Horror seiz'd. The wither'd Grafs that clings

Around her Head, of the same ruffet Hue 140  
Almost deceiv'd my Sight, had not her Eyes  
With Life full-beaming her vain Wiles betray'd.

At Distance draw thy Pack let all be hush'd,  
No Clamour loud, no frantick Joy be heard,  
Lest the wild Hound run gadding o'er the Plain 145  
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding Voice.

Now gently put her off ; see how direct  
To her known Muse she flies ! Here, Huntsman, bring  
(But without hurry) all thy jolly Hounds,  
And calmly lay them in. How low they stoop, 150

And seem to plough the Ground! then all at once  
With greedy nostrils snuff the fuming Steam  
That glads their flutt'ring Hearts. As Winds let loose  
From the dark Caverns of the blust'ring God,  
They burst away, and sweep the dewy Lawn. 155  
Hope gives them Wings while she's spur'd on by Fear.  
The Welkin rings, Men, Dogs, Hills, Rocks, and  
Woods

In the full Confort join. Now, my brave Youths,  
Stripp'd for the Chace, give all your Souls to Joy!  
See how their Courfers, than the Mountain Roe 160  
More fleet, the verdant Carpet skim, thick Clouds  
Snorting they breath, their shining Hoofs scarce print  
The Grass unbruise'd; with Emulation fir'd  
They strain to lead the Field, top the barr'd Gate,  
O'er the deep Ditch exulting bound, and brush 165  
The thorny-twining Hedge: The Riders bend  
O'er their arch'd Necks; with steady Hands, by turns

Indulge

Indulge their Speed, or moderate their Rage.

Where are their Sorrows, Disappointments, Wrongs,

Vexations, Sickness, Cares ? All, all are gone,

And with the panting Wings lag far behind.

HUNTSMAN ! her Gate observe, if in wide Rings

She wheel her mazy Way, in the same Round

Persisting still, she'll foil the beaten Track.

But if she fly, and with the fav'ring Wind

Urge her bold Course ; less intricate thy Task :

Push on thy Pack. Like some poor exil'd Wretch

The frightened Chace leaves her late dear Abodes,

O'er Plains remote she stretches far away,

Ah ! never to return ! For greedy Death

Hov'ring exults, secure to seize his Prey.

HARK ! from yon Covert, where those tow'ring

Oaks

Above the humble Copse aspiring rise,  
What glorious Triumphs burst in ev'ry Gale  
Upon our ravish'd Ears ! The Hunters shout, 185  
The clanging Horns swell their sweet-winding Notes,  
The Pack wide-op'ning load the trembling Air  
With various Melody ; from Tree to Tree  
The propagated Cry, redoubling bounds,  
And winged Zephyrs waft the floating Joy 190  
Thro' all the Regions near : Afflictive Birch  
No more the School-boy dreads, his Prison broke,  
Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his Master's Call ;  
The weary Traveller forgets his Road,  
And climbs th' adjacent Hill ; the Ploughman leaves  
Th'unfinish'd Furrow ; nor his bleating Flocks 195  
Are now the Shepherd's Joy ; Men, Boys, and Girls  
Desert th'unpeopled Village ; and wild Crowds  
Spread o'er the Plain, by the sweet Frenzy seiz'd.  
Look, how she pants ! and o'er yon op'ning Glade 200

Slips glancing by; while, at the further End,

The puzzling Pack unravel Wile by Wile

Maze within Maze. The Covert's utmost Bound

Slily she skirts; behind them cautious creeps,

And in that very Track, so lately stain'd

205

By all the steaming Crowd, seems to pursue

The Foe she flies. Let Cavillers deny

That Brutes have Reason; sure 'tis something more,

'Tis Heav'n directs, and Stratagems inspire,

Beyond the short Extent of human Thought.

210

But hold—I see her from the Covert break;

Sad on yon little Eminence she sits;

Intent she listens with one Ear erect,

Pond'ring, and doubtful what new Course to take,

And how t'escape the fierce blood-thirsty Crew,

215

That still urge on, and still in Vollies loud,

Insult her Woes, and mock her sore Distress.

As now in louder Peals, the loaded Winds

Bring on the gath'ring Storm, her Fears prevail ;  
And o'er the Plain, and o'er the Mountain's Ridge,  
Away she flies ; nor Ships with Wind and Tide, 221  
And all their Canvas Wings skud half so fast.  
Once more, ye jovial Train, your Courage try,  
And each clean Courser's Speed. We scour along,  
In pleasing Hurry and Confusion tost ; 225  
Oblivion to be wish'd. The patient Pack  
Hang on the Scent unweary'd, up they climb,  
And ardent we pursue ; our lab'ring Steeds  
We press, we gore ; till once the Summit gain'd,  
Painfully panting, there we breath a while ; 230  
Then like a foaming Torrent, pouring down  
Precipitant, we smoke along the Vale.  
Happy the Man, who with unrival'd Speed  
Can pass his Fellows, and with Pleasure view  
The struggling Pack ; how in the rapid Course 235  
Alternate they preside, and justling push

To guide the dubious Scent ; how giddy Youth  
Oft babbling errs, by wiser Age reprov'd ;  
How niggard of his Strength, the wise old Hound  
Hangs in the Rear, 'till some important Point 240  
Rouse all his Diligence, or 'till the Chace  
Sinking he finds ; then to the Head he springs  
With Thirst of Glory fir'd, and wins the Prize.  
Huntsman, take heed ; they stop in full career.  
Yon crowding Flocks, that at a Distance gaze, 245  
Have haply foil'd the Turf. See ! that old Hound,  
How busily he works, but dares not trust  
His doubtful Sense ; draw yet a wider Ring.  
Hark ! now again the Chorus fills. As Bells  
Sally'd a while at once their Peal renew, 250  
And high in Air the tuneful Thunder rolls.  
See, how they tos, with animated Rage  
Recov'ring all they lost ! — That eager Haste  
Some doubling Wile foreshews. — Ah ! yet once more

They're

They're check'd,—hold back with Speed—  
either Hand

They flourish round—ev'n yet persist—'Tis right,  
Away they spring; the rustling Stubbles bend  
Beneath the driving Storm. Now the poor Chace  
Begins to flag, to her last Shifts reduc'd.

From Brake to Brake she flies, and visits all  
Her well-known Haunts, where once she rang'd secure,  
With Love and Plenty blest. See! there she goes,  
She reels along, and by her Gate betrays  
Her inward Weakness. See, how black she looks!  
The Sweat that clogs th'obstructed Pores, scarce  
leaves

A languid Scent. And now in open View  
See, see, she flies! each eager Hound exerts  
His utmost Speed, and stretches ev'ry Nerve.  
How quick she turns! their gaping Jaws eludes,  
And yet a Moment lives; 'till round inclos'd

## BOOK II. THE CHACE.

43

By all the greedy Pack, with infant Screams

She yields her Breath, and there reluctant dies.

So when the furious *Bacchanals* affai'd

*Ibreician Orpheus*, poor ill-fated Bard !

Loud was the Cry, Hills, Woods, and *'Hebrus'*

Banks,

275

Return'd their clam'rous Rage; distress'd he flies,

Shifting from Place to Place, but flies in vain;

For eager they pursue, 'till panting, faint,

By noisy Multitudes o'erpower'd, he sinks,

To the relentless Crowd a bleeding Prey.

280

THE Huntsman now, a deep Incision made,

Shakes out with Hands impure, and dashes down

Her reeking Entrails, and yet quiv'ring Heart.

These claim the Pack, the bloody Perquisite

284

For all their Toils. Stretch'd on the Ground she lies,

A mangled Coarse; in her dim glaring Eyes

Cold

Cold Death exults, and stiffens ev'ry Limb.  
Aw'd by the threat'ning Whip, the furious Hounds  
Around her Bay ; or at their Master's Foot,  
Each happy Fav'rite courts his kind Applause,  
With humble Adulation cow'ring low.  
All now is Joy. With Cheeks full-blown they wind  
Her solemn Dirge, while the loud-op'ning Pack  
The Concert swell, and Hills and Dales return  
The sadly-pleasing Sounds. Thus the poor Hare,  
A puny, dastard Animal, but vers'd  
In subtle Wiles, diverts the youthful Train.  
But if thy proud, aspiring Soul disdains  
So mean a Prey, delighted with the Pomp,  
Magnificence and Grandeur of the Chace ;  
Hear what the Muse from faithful Records sings.

WHY on the Banks of *Genna* Indian Stream,  
Line within Line, rise the Pavilions proud,

Their

Their silken Streamers waving in the Wind ? <sup>so info</sup>

Why neighs the warrior Horse ? From Tent to Tent,

Why press in Crowds the buzzing Multitude ? <sup>306</sup>

Why shines the polish'd Helm, and pointed Lance,

This Way and that far-beaming o'er the Plain ? <sup>so info</sup>

Nor *Visapour* nor *Golconda* rebel ; <sup>so info</sup>

Nor the great Sophy, with his num'rous Host <sup>310</sup>

Lays waste the Provinces ; nor Glory fires <sup>310</sup>

To rob, and to destroy, beneath the Name <sup>310</sup>

And specious Guise of War. A nobler Cause <sup>310</sup>

Calls *Aurengzebe* to Arms. No Cities sack'd, <sup>310</sup>

No Mother's Tears, no helpless Orphan's Cries, <sup>315</sup>

No violated Leagues, with sharp Remorse <sup>315</sup>

Shall sting the conscious Victor : But Mankind <sup>315</sup>

Shall hail him good and just. For 'tis on Beasts <sup>315</sup>

He draws his vengeful Sword ; on Beasts of Prey <sup>315</sup>

Full-fed with human Gore. See, see, he comes ! <sup>320</sup>

Imperial *Debli* op'ning wide her Gates, <sup>320</sup>

Pours

Pours out her thronging Legions, bright in Arms,  
And all the Pomp of War. Before them sound  
Clarions and Trumpets, breathing martial Airs,  
And bold Defiance. High upon his Throne, 325  
Born on the Back of his proud Elephant,  
Sits the great Chief of *Tamur*'s glorious Race :  
Sublime he sits, amid the radiant Blaze  
Of Gems and Gold. *Omrabs* about him crowd,  
And rein th' *Arabian* Steed, and watch his Nod : 330  
And potent *Rajabs*, who themselves preside  
O'er Realms of wide Extent ; but here submiss  
Their Homage pay, alternate Kings and Slaves.  
Next these with prying Eunuchs girt around,  
The fair Sultanas of his Court ; a Troop 335  
Of chosen Beauties, but with Care conceal'd  
From each intrusive Eye ; one Look is Death.  
Ah cruel *Eastern* Law ! (had Kings a Pow'r  
But equal to their wild tyrannick Will)

## BOOK II. THE CHACE.

47

To rob us of the Sun's all-clearing Ray, 340

Were less severe. The Vulgar close the March,

Slaves and Artificers; and *Debli* mourns

Her empty and depopulated Streets.

Now at the Camp arriv'd with stern Review,

Thro' Groves of Spears, from File to File, he darts

His sharp experienc'd Eye; their Order marks, 346

Each in his Station rang'd, exact and firm,

Till in the boundless Line his Sight is lost.

Not greater Multitudes in Arms appear'd,

On these extended Plains, when *Ammon's* Son 350With mighty *Porus* in dread Battle join'd,

The Vassal World the Prize. Nor was that Host

More numerous of old, which the great \* King

Pour'd out on *Greece* from all th'unpeopled East;That bridg'd the *Hellespont* from Shore to Shore, 355

And drank the Rivers dry. Mean while in Troops

\* *Xerxes*.

The

The busy Hunter-Train mark out the Ground,  
A wide Circumference ; full many a League  
In Compafs round ; Woods, Rivers, Hills, and  
Plains,

Large Provinces ; enough to gratify

Ambition's highest Aim, could Reason bound  
Man's erring Will. Now fit in close Divan  
The mighty Chiefs of this prodigious Host.

He from the Throne high-eminent presides,

Gives out his Mandates proud, Laws of the Chace,  
From ancient Records drawn. With Rev'rence low,  
And prostrate at his Feet, the Chiefs receive  
His irreversible Decrees, from which  
To vary, is to die. Then his brave Bands

Each to his Station leads ; encamping round,

Till the wide Circle is compleatly form'd.

Where decent Order reigns, what these command,  
Those execute with Speed, and punctual Care ;

In all the strictest Discipline of War :

As if some watchful Foe, with bold Insult 375

Hung low'ring o'er their Camp. The high Re-  
slove,

That flies on Wings, thro' all th'encircling Line,

Each Motion steers, and animates the whole.

So by the Sun's attractive Pow'r controll'd,

The Planets in their Spheres roll round his Orb, 380

On all he shines, and rules the great Machine.

E'ER yet the Morn dispels the fleeting Mists,

The Signal giv'n by the loud Trumpet's Voice,

Now high in Air, th'Imperial Standard waves,

Emblazon'd rich with Gold, and glitt'ring Gems ; 385

And like a Sheet of Fire, thro' the dun Gloom

Streaming meteorous. The Soldiers Shouts,

And all the brazen Instruments of War,

With mutual Clamour, and united Din,

Fill the large Concave. While from Camp to  
Camp, 390  
They catch the varied Sounds, floating in Air,  
Round all the wide Circumference, Tygers fell  
Shrink at the Noise, deep in his gloomy Den  
The Lion starts, and Morsels yet unchew'd  
Drop from his trembling Jaws. Now all at once 395  
Onward they march embattled, to the Sound  
Of martial Harmony ; Fifes, Cornets, Drums,  
That rouse the sleepy Soul to Arms, and bold  
Heroick Deeds. In Parties here and there  
Detach'd o'er Hill and Dale, the Hunters range 400  
Inquisitive ; strong Dogs that match in Fight  
The boldest Brute, around their Masters wait,  
A faithful Guard. No Haunt unsearch'd, they drive  
From ev'ry Covert, and from ev'ry Den,  
The lurking Savages. Incessant Shouts 405  
Re-echo thro' the Woods, and kindling Fires

## II. BOOK II. THE CHACE.

51

to Gleam from the Mountain Tops ; the Forest seems  
390 One mingling Blaze : Like Flocks of Sheep they fly  
Before the flaming Brand : Fierce Lions, Pards,  
Boars, Tygers, Bears, and Wolves ; a dreadful

Crew

410

Of grim blood-thirsty Foes : growling along,  
395 They stalk indignant ; but fierce Vengeance still  
Hangs pealing on their Rear, and pointed Spears  
Present immediate Death. Soon as the Night

Wrapt in her sable Veil forbids the Chace,

415

They pitch their Tents, in even Ranks, around  
400 The circling Camp. The Guards are plac'd, and  
Fires  
At proper Distances ascending rise,

And paint th'Horizon with their ruddy Light.

So round some Island's Shore of large Extent, 420

Amid the gloomy Horrors of the Night,

The Billows breaking on the pointed Rocks,

Seem all one Flame, and the bright Circuit wide  
Appears a Bulwark of surrounding Fire.  
What dreadful Howlings, and what hideous Roar, 42;  
Disturb those peaceful Shades ! where erst the Bird  
That glads the Night, had chear'd the list'ning  
Groves

With sweet Complainings. Thro' the silent Gloom  
Oft they the Guards assail ; as oft repell'd  
They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling Rage 430  
Stung to the Quick, and mad with wild Despair.  
Thus Day by Day, they still the Chace renew ;  
At Night encamp ; 'till now in streighter Bounds  
The Circle lessens, and the Beasts perceive  
The Wall that hems them in on ev'ry Side, 435  
And now their Fury bursts, and knows no Mean ;  
From Man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd Rage  
Against their fellow Brutes. With Teeth and Claws  
The Civil War begins ; grappling they tear.

## II. Book II. THE CHACE.

53

Lions on Tygers prey, and Bears on Wolves : 440

Horrible Discord ! 'Till the Crowd behind

425 Shouting pursue, and part the bloody Fray.

At once their Wrath subsides ; tame as the Lamb

The Lion hangs his Head, the furious Pard,

Cow'd and subdu'd, flies from the Face of Man, 445

Nor bears one Glance of his commanding Eye.

So abject is a Tyrant in Distress.

430 At last within the narrow Plain confin'd,

A listed Field, mark'd out for bloody Deeds,

An Amphitheatre more glorious far 450

Than ancient *Rome* cou'd boast, they crowd in heaps,

435 Dismay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet Array

Sheath'd in resplendent Arms, a noble Band

Advance ; great Lords of high imperial Blood,

Claws Early resolv'd t'assert their Royal Race, 455

And prove by glorious Deeds their Valour's Growth

Mature, e'er yet the callow Down has spread  
Its curling Shade. On bold *Arabian* Steeds  
With decent Pride they sit, that fearless hear  
The Lion's dreadful Roar ; and down the Rock 460  
Swift-shooting plunge, or o'er the Mountain's Ridge  
Stretching along, the greedy Tyger leave  
Panting behind. On Foot their faithful Slaves  
With Javelins arm'd attend ; each watchful Eye  
Fix'd on his youthful Care, for him alone 465  
He fears, and to redeem his Life, unmov'd  
Wou'd lose his own. The mighty *Aurengzebe*,  
From his high-elevated Throne, beholds  
His blooming Race ; revolving in his Mind  
What once he was, in his gay Spring of Life, 470  
When Vigour strung his Nerves. Parental Joy  
Melts in his Eyes, and flushes in his Cheeks.  
Now the loud Trumpet sounds a Charge. The Shout  
Of eager Hosts, thro' all the circling Line,

## Book II. THE CHACE.

55

And the wild Howlings of the Beasts within 475

Rend wide the Welkin, Flights of Arrows, wing'd

With Death, and Javelins lanc'd from ev'ry Arm,

Gall sore the brutal Bands, with many a Wound

Gor'd thro' and thro'. Despair at last prevails,

When fainting Natufé shrinks, and rouses all 480

Their drooping Courage. Swell'd with furious Rage,

Their Eyes dart Fire ; and on the youthful Band

They rush implacable. They their broad Shields

Quick interpose ; on each devoted Head

Their flaming Falchions, as the Bolts of *Jove*, 485

Descend unerring. Prostrate on the Ground

The grinning Monsters lye, and their foul Gore

Defiles the verdant Plain. Nor idle stand

The trusty Slaves ; with pointed Spears they pierce

Thro' their tough Hides ; or at their gaping Mouths

An easier Passage find. The King of Brutes 491

In broken Roarings breaths his last ; the Bear

Grumbles in Death ; nor can his spotted Skin,  
Tho' slick it shine, with varied Beauties gay,  
Save the proud Pard from unrelenting Fate. 495

The battle bleeds, grim Slaughter strides along,  
Glutting her greedy Jaws, grins o'er her Prey.

Men, Horses, Dogs, fierce Beasts of ev'ry kind,  
A strange promiscuous Carnage, drench'd in Blood,  
And Heaps on Heaps amass'd. What yet remain 500

Alive, with vain Assault contend to break  
Th'impenetrable Line. Others, whom Fear  
Inspires with self-preserving Wiles, beneath  
The Bodies of the Slain for Shelter creep.

Aghast they fly, or hide their Heads dispers'd. 505  
And now perchance (had Heav'n but pleas'd) the

### Work

Of Death had been compleat ; and *Aurengzebe*  
By one dread Frown extinguish'd half their Race.  
When lo ! the bright Sultanas of his Court

Appear,

II. BOOK II. THE CHACE. 57

Appear, and to his ravish'd Eyes display 510

Those Charms, but rarely to the Day reveal'd.

LOWLY they bend, and humbly sue, to save  
The vanquish'd Host. What Mortal can deny  
When suppliant Beauty begs ? At his Command  
Op'ning to Right and Left, the well-train'd Troops  
Leave a large Void for their retreating Foes. 516

Away they fly, on Wings of Fear upbottn,  
To seek on distant Hills their late Abodes.

YE proud Oppressors, whose vain Hearts exult  
In Wantonness of Pow'r, 'gainst the brute Race, 520  
Fierce Robbers like your selves, a guiltless War  
Wage uncontroll'd: Here quench your Thirst of  
Blood ;  
But learn from *Aurengzebe* to spare Mankind.

The

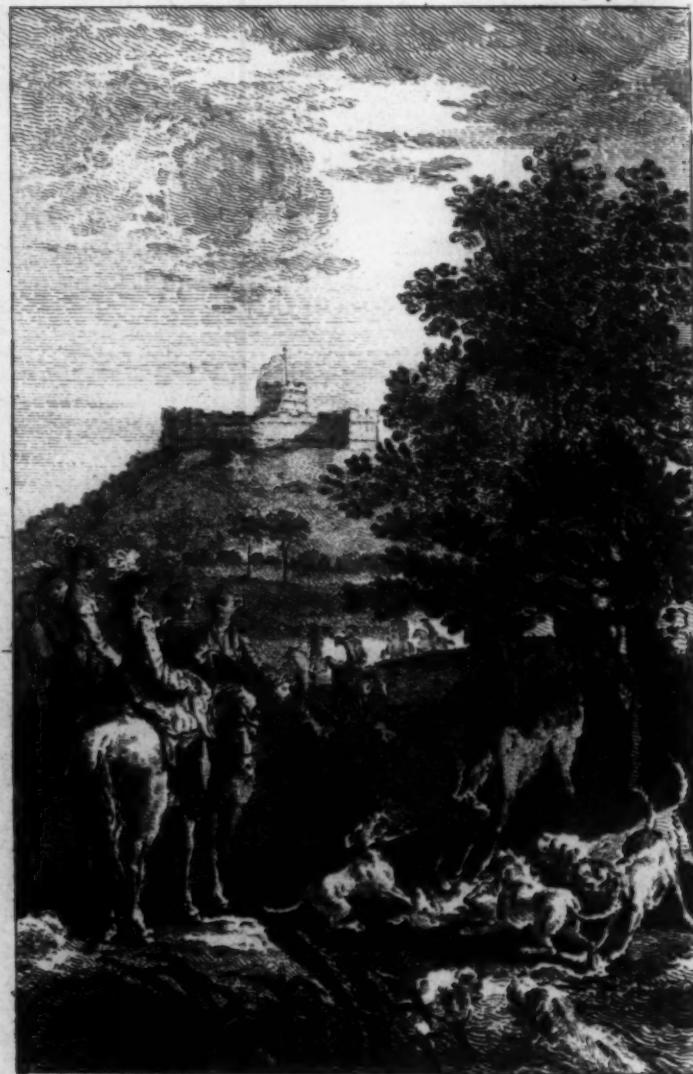
## The ARGUMENT of the Third Book.

**O**F King Edgar and his imposing a Tribute of Wolves Heads upon the Kings of Wales: From whence a Transition to Fox-Hunting, which is described in all its Parts. Censure of an over-numerous Pack Of the several Engines to destroy Foxes, and other Wild Beasts. The Steel-Trap described, and the Manner of using it. Description of the Pitfall for the Lion; and another for the Elephant. The ancient Way of Hunting the Tyger with a Mirror. The Arabian Manner of Hunting the Wild Boar. Description of the Royal Stag-Chace at Windsor Forest. Concludes with an Address to his Majesty, and a Eulogy upon Mercy.



Book

Book 3<sup>d</sup>. page 94.



A. Walker del. et Sculp.

## BOOK the Third.

IN Albion's Isle when glorious *Edgar* reign'd.  
He wisely provident, from her white Cliffs  
Launch'd half her Forests, and withnum'rous  
Fleets  
Cover'd his wide Domain: There proudly rode  
Lord of the Deep, the great Prerogative  
Of British Monarchs. Each Invader bold,  
Dane and Norwegian, at a Distance gaz'd,  
And disappointed, gnash'd his Teeth in vain.  
He scour'd the Seas, and to remotest Shores  
With swelling Sails the trembling Corsair fled.  
Rich Commerce flourish'd; and with busy Oars

Dash'd

Dash'd the resounding Surge. Nor less at Land

His royal Cares ; wife, potent, gracious Prince !

His Subjects from their cruel Foes he sav'd,

And from rapacious Savages their Flocks. 15

*Cambria's* proud Kings (tho' with Reluctance) paid

Their tributary Wolves ; Head after Head,

In full Account, 'till the Woods yield no more,

And all the rav'ous Race extinct is lost.

In fertile Pastures, more securely graz'd 20

The social Troops ; and soon their large Increase

With curling Fleeces whiten'd all the Plains.

But yet alas ! the wily Fox remain'd,

A subtle, pil'ring Foe, proling around

In Midnight Shades, and wakeful to destroy, 25

In the full Fold, the poor defenceless Lamb,

Seiz'd by his guileful Arts, with sweet warm Blood

Supplies a rich Repast. The mournful Ewe,

Her dearest Treasure lost, thro' the dun Night

Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain : 30  
While in th'adjacent Bush, poor *Philomel*,  
(Her self a Parent once, 'till wanton Churls  
Despoil'd her Nest) joins in her loud Laments,  
With sweeter Notes, and more melodious Woe.

FOR these nocturnal Thieves, Huntsman, prepare  
Thy sharpest Vengeance. Oh ! how glorious 'tis 36  
To right th'oppress'd, and bring the Felon vile  
To just Disgrace ! E'er yet the Morning peep,  
Or Stars retire from the first Blush of Day,  
With thy far echoing Voice alarm thy Pack, 40  
And rouse thy bold Compeers. Then to the Copse,  
Thick with entangling Gras, or prickly Furze  
With Silence lead thy many-colour'd Hounds,  
In all their Beauty's Pride. See ! how they range  
Dispers'd, how busily this Way and that, 45  
They cross, examining with curious Nose  
Each

Each likely Haunt. Hark ! on the Drag I hear  
Their doubtful Notes, preluding to a Cry  
More nobly full, and swell'd with ev'ry Mouth.  
As straggling Armies at the Trumpet's Voice, 50  
Press to their Standard ; hither all repair,  
And hurry thro' the Woods ; with hasty Step  
Rustling, and full of Hope ; now driv'n on Heaps  
They push, they strive ; while from his Kennel  
sneaks  
The conscious Villain. See ! he skulks along, 55  
Slick at the Shepherd's Cost, and plump with Meals  
Purloin'd. So thrive the Wicked here below.  
Tho' high his Brush he bear, tho' tipt with white  
It gaily shine ; yet e're the Sun declin'd  
Recall the Shades of Night, the pamper'd Rogue 60  
Shall rue his Fate revers'd ; and at his Heels  
Behold the just Avenger, swift to seize  
His forfeit Head, and thirsting for his Blood.

HEAVENS!

HEAVENS! what melodious Strains! how beat  
our Hearts

Big with tumultuous Joy! the loaded Gales 65

Breath Harmony; and as the Tempest drives

From Wood to Wood, thro' ev'ry dark Recess

The Forest thunders, and the Mountains shake.

The Chorus swells; less various, and less sweet

The trilling Notes, when in those very Groves, 70

The feather'd Choristers salute the Spring,

And ev'ry Bush in Confort joins; or when

The Master's Hand, in modulated Air,

Bids the loud Organ breath, and all the Pow'rs

Of Musick in one Instrument combine, 75

An universal Minstrelsy. And now

In vain each Earth he tries, the Doors are barr'd

Impregnable, nor is the Covert safe;

He pants for purer Air. Hark! what loud Shouts

Re-echo

Re-echo thro' the Groves ! he breaks away, 80 S

Shrill Horns proclaim his Flight. Each straggling A

Hound

Strains o'er the Lawn to reach the distant Pack. R

'Tis Triumph all and Joy. Now, my brave Youths,

Now give a loose to the clean gen'rous Steed ; L

Flourish the Whip, nor spare the galling Spur ; 85

But in the Madness of Delight, forget T

Your Fears. Far o'er the rocky Hills we range, S

And dangerous our Course ; but in the Brave J

True Courage never fails. In vain the Stream O

In foaming Eddies whirls ; in vain the Ditch M. 90

Wide-gaping threatens Death. The craggy Steep T

Where the poor dizzy Shepherd crawls with Care, T

And clings to ev'ry Twig, gives us no Pain ; F

But down we sweep, as stoops the Falcon bold T

To pounce his Prey. Then up th'opponent Hill, 95 T

By the swift Motion flung, we mount aloft B

80 So Ships in Winter-Seas now sliding sink  
gling Adown the steepy Wave, then toss'd on high  
Ride on the Billows, and defy the Storm.

uths, WHAT Lengths we pass! where will the wan-  
d'ring Chace 100

85 Lead us bewilder'd! smooth as Swallows skim  
The new-shorn Mead, and far more swift we fly.

See my brave Pack; how to the Head they press,  
Justling in close Array, then more diffuse 104

Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning Mouths  
90 The vollied Thunder breaks. So when the Cranes

Their annual Voyage steer, with wanton Wing

Their Figure oft they change, and their loud Clang  
From Cloud to Cloud rebounds. How far behind

The Hunter-Crew, wide-straggling o'er the Plain! 110

95 The panting Courser now with trembling Nerves  
Begins to reel; urg'd by the goreing Spur,

Makes many a faint Effort : He snorts, he foams,  
The big round Drops run trickling down his Sides,  
With Sweat and Blood distain'd. Look back and  
view

The strange Confusion of the Vale below,  
Where sour Vexation reigns ; see yon poor Jade,  
In vain th' impatient Rider frets and fwears,  
With galling Spurs harrows his mangled Sides ;  
He can no more : His stiff unpliant Limbs  
Rooted in Earth, unmov'd and fix'd he stands,  
For ev'ry cruel Curse returns a Groan,  
And sobs, and faints, and dies. Who without  
Grief

Can view that pamper'd Steed, his Master's Joy,  
His Minion, and his daily Care, well cloath'd,  
Well-fed with ev'ry nicer Cate ; no Cost,  
No Labour spar'd ; who, when the flying Chace  
Broke from the Copse, without a Rival led .

## III. Book III. THE CHACE.

67

The num'rous Train: Now a sad Spectacle  
Of Pride brought low, and hmbled Insolence, 130  
Drove like a pannier'd Ass, and scourg'd along.  
While these with loosen'd Reins, and dangling Heels,  
Hang on their reeling Palfreys, that scarce bear  
Their Weights; another in the treach'rous Bog  
Lies flound'ring half ingulph'd. What biteing  
Thoughts 135

Torment th'abandon'd Crew! old Age laments  
His Vigour spent: The tall, plump, brawny Youth  
Curses his cumb'rous Bulk; and envies now  
The short Pygmean Race, he whilom kenn'd  
With proud insulting Leer. A chosen few 140  
Alone the Sport enjoy, nor droop beneath  
Their pleasing Toils. Here, Huntsman, from this  
Height

Observe yon Birds of Prey; if I can judge  
Tis there the Villain lurks; they hover round

And claim him as their own. Was I not right ? 145

See ! there he creeps along ; his Brush he drags,

And sweeps the Mire impure ; from his wide Jaws

His Tongue unmoisten'd hangs ; Symptoms too sure

Of sudden Death. Hah ! yet he flies, nor yields

To black Despair. But one Loose more, and all 150

His Wiles are vain. Hark ! thro' yon Village now

The rattling Clamour rings. The Barns, the Cots

And leafless Elms return the joyous Sounds.

Thro' ev'ry Homestall, and thro' ev'ry Yard,

His midnight Walks, panting, forlorn, he flies ; 155

Thro' every Hole he sneaks, thro' ev'ry Jakes

Plunging he wades besinear'd, and fondly hopes

In a superior Stench to lose his own :

But faithful to the Track, th'unerring Hounds

With Peals of echoing Vengeance close pursue. 160

And now distres'd, no shelt'ring Covert near

Into the Hen-roost creeps, whose Walls with Gore

Distain'd attest his Guilt. There, Villain, there  
Expect thy Fate deserv'd. And soon from thence 145  
The Pack inquisitive, with Clamour loud, 165  
Drag out their trembling Prize ; and on his Blood  
With greedy Transport feast. In bolder Notes  
Each sounding Horn proclaims the Felon dead : 150  
And all th'assembled Village shouts for Joy.  
The Farmer who beholds his mortal Foe 170  
Stretch'd at his Feet, applauds the gloriouſ Deed,  
And grateful calls us to a ſhort Repaſt :  
In the full Glass the liquid Amber ſmiles,  
Our native Product. And his good old Mate  
With choicest Viands heaps the lib'ral Board, 175  
To crown our Triumphs, and reward our Toils.

HERE must th' instructive Muse (but with Re-  
spect)

Gore Censure that num'rous Pack, that Croud of State,

With which the vain Profusion of the Great 179  
Covers the Lawn, and shakes the trembling Copse.  
Pompous Incumbrance ! A Magnificence  
Useless, vexatious ! For the wily Fox,  
Safe in th' increasing Number of his Foes,  
Kens well the great Advantage : Slinks behind  
And flyly creeps thro' the same beaten Track, 185  
And hunts them Step by Step ; then views escap'd  
With inward Extasy, the panting Throng  
In their own Footsteps puzzled, foil'd and lost.  
So when proud *Eastern* Kings, summon to Arms  
Their gaudy Legions, from far distant Climes 190  
They flock in Crouds, unpeopling half a World :  
But when the Day of Battle calls them forth  
To charge the well-train'd Foe, a Band compact  
Of chosen Vet'rans ; they press blindly on,  
In Heaps confus'd, by their own Weapons fall, 195  
A smoking Carnage scatter'd o'er the Plain.

NOR Hounds alone this noxious Brood destroy :

The plunder'd Warrener full many a Wile

Devises to entrap his greedy Foe,

Fat with nocturnal Spoils. At Close of Day, 200

With Silence drags his Trail ; then from the Ground

Pares thin the close-graz'd Turf, there with nice

Hand

Covers the latent Death, with curious Springs

Prepar'd to fly at once, whene'er the Tread

Of Man or Beast, unwarily shall press 205

The yielding Surface. By th' indented Steel

With Gripe tenacious held, the Felon grins,

And struggles, but in vain : Yet oft 'tis known,

When ev'ry Art has fail'd, the captive Fox

Has shar'd the wounded Joint, and with a Limb 210

Compounded for his Life. But if perchance

In the deep Pitfall plung'd, there's no Escape ;

But unrepriev'd he dies and bleach'd in Air  
The Jest of Clowns, his reeking Carcass hangs.

Of these are various Kinds ; not ev'n the King 215

Of Brutes evades this deep devouring Grave :

But by the wily *African* betray'd,

Heedless of Fate, within its gaping Jaws

Expires indignant. When the orient Beam

With Blushes paints the Dawn ; and all the Race 220

Carnivorous, with Blood full-gorg'd, retire

Into their darksom Cells, there satiate snore

O'er dripping Offals, and the mangled Limbs

Of Men and Beasts ; the painful Forester 124

Climbs the high Hills, whose proud aspiring Tops

With the tall Cedar crown'd, and taper Fir,

Affail' the Clouds. There 'mong the craggy Rocks,

And Thickets intricate, trembling he views

His Footsteps in the Sand ; the dismal Road

And

## BOOK III. THE CHACE.

73

And Avenue to Death. Hither he calls 230

His watchful Bands ; and low into the Ground

A Pit they sink, full many a Fathom deep.

Then in the midst a Column high is rear'd,

The Butt of some fair Tree ; upon whose Top

A Lamb is plac'd, just ravish'd from his Dam. 235

And next a Wall they build, with Stones and Earth

Encircling round, and hiding from all View

The dreadful Precipice. Now when the Shades

Of Night hang low'ring o'er the Mountain's Brow ;

And Hunger keen, and pungent Thirst of Blood, 240

Rouze up the slothful Beast, he shakes his Sides,

Slow-rising from his Lair, and stretches wide

His rav'rous Paws, with recent Gore distain'd.

The Forests tremble, as he roars aloud,

Impatient to destroy. O'erjoy'd he hears 245

The bleating Innocent, that claims in vain

The Shepherd's Care, and seeks with piteous Moan

The

The foodful Teat ; himself, alas ! design'd  
Another's Meal. For now the greedy Brute  
Winds him from far ; and leaping o'er the Mound 250  
To seize his trembling Prey, headlong is plung'd  
Into the deep Abyss. Prostrate he lies  
Aftunn'd and impotent. Ah ! what avail  
Thine Eye-balls flashing Fire, thy Length of Tail,  
That lashes thy broad Sides, thy Jaws besmear'd 255  
With Blood and Offals crude, thy shaggy Main  
The Terror of the Woods, thy stately Port,  
And Bulk enormous, since by Stratagem  
Thy Strength is foil'd ? Unequal is the Strife,  
When sov'reign Reason combats brutal Rage. 260

ON distant *Ethiopia's* Sun-burnt Coasts,  
The black Inhabitants a Pitfall frame,  
But of a diff'rent Kind, and diff'rent Use.  
With slender Poles the wide capacious Mouth,

And

And Hurdles slight, they close ; o'er these is spread

A Floor of verdant Turf, with all its Flow'rs

Smiling delusive, and from strictest Search

Concealing the deep Grave, that yawns below.

Then Boughs of Trees they cut, with tempting Fruit

Of various Kinds surcharg'd ; the downy Peach, 270

The clust'ring Vine, and of bright golden Rind

The fragrant Orange. Soon as Ev'ning grey

Advances slow besprinkling all around

With kind refreshing Dews the thirsty Glebe,

The stately Elephant from the close Shade

275

With Step majestick strides, eager to taste

The cooler Breeze, that from the Sea-beat Shore

Delightful breaths, or in the limpid Stream

To lave his panting Sides ; joyous he scents

The rich Repast, unweeting of the Death

280

That lurks within. And soon he sporting breaks

And  
The

The brittle Boughs, and greedily devours  
The Fruit delicious. Ah ! too dearly bought ;  
The Price is Life. For now the treach'rous Turf  
Trembling gives way ; and the unwieldy Beast 285  
Self-sinking, drops into the dark Profound.  
So when dilated Vapours, struggling heave  
Th' incumbent Earth ; if Chance the cavern'd  
Ground, 292  
Shrinking subside, and the thin Surface yield,  
Down sinks at once the pond'rous Dome, ingulph'd  
With all its Tow'rs. Subtle, delusive Man !  
How various are thy Wiles ! artful to kill  
Thy savage Foes, a dull unthinking Race !  
Fierce from his Lair, springs forth the speckled Pard,  
Thirsting for Blood, and eager to destroy ; 295  
The Huntsman flies, but to his Flight alone  
Confides not : At convenient Distance fix'd,  
A polish'd Mirrour, stops in full Career

## II. BOOK III. THE CHACE.

77

The furious Brute : He there his Image views ;  
Spots against Spots with Rage improving glow ; 300  
Another Pard his bristly Whiskers curls,  
Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide  
Distends his op'ning Paws ; himself against  
Himself opposed, and with dread Vengeance arm'd.  
The Huntsman now secure, with fatal Aim 305  
Directs the pointed Spear, by which transfix'd  
He dies, and with him dies the rival Shade.  
Thus Man innum'rous Engines forms, t'affail  
The Savage kind : But most the docile Horse,  
Swift and confederate with Man, annoys  
His Brethren of the Plains ; without whose Aid  
The Hunters Arts are vain, unskill'd to wage  
With the more active Brutes an equal War.  
But born by him, without the well train'd Pack,  
Man dares his Foe, on Wings of Wind secure. 315

HIM

HIM the fierce *Arab* mounts, and with his Troop  
Of bold Compeers, ranges the Deserts wild.

Where by the Magnet's Aid, the Traveller  
Steers his untrodden Course ; yet oft on Land  
Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling Waves of Sand 320  
Immerst and lost. While these intrepid Bands,  
Safe in their Horses Speed, out-fly the Storm,  
And scouring round, make Men and Beasts their  
Prey.

The grifly Boar is singled from his Herd  
As large as that in *Erimantbian* Woods, 325  
A Match for *Hercules*. Round him they fly  
In Circles wide ; and each in passing sends  
His feather'd Death into his brawny Sides.  
But perilous th' Attempt. For if the Steed  
Haply too near approach ; or the loose Earth 330  
His Footing fail ; the watchful angry Beast

## II. BOOK III. THE CHACE.

79

Th'Advantage spies; and at one fidelong Glance

Rips up his Groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,

And plunging, from his Back the Rider hurls

Precipitant; then bleeding spurns the Ground,

335

And drags his reeking Entrails o'er the Plain.

Mean while the furly Monster trots along,

But with unequal Speed; for still they wound,

Swift-wheeling in the spacious Ring. A Wood

Of Darts upon his Back he bears; adown

340

His tortur'd Sides, the crimson Torrents roll

From many a gaping Font. And now at last

Stagg'ring he falls, in Blood and Foam expires.

BUT whither roves my devious Muse, intent

On antique Tales? While yet the Royal Stag

345

Unsung remains. Tread with respectful Awe

Windfor's green Glades; where *Denham*, tuneful Bard,

Charm'd once the list'ning Dryads, with his Song

Sublimely

Sublimely sweet. O ! grant me, sacred Shade,  
To glean submiss what thy full Sickle leaves. 350

THE Morning Sun that gilds with trembling Rays  
Windsor's high Towr's, beholds the courtly Train  
Mount for the Chace, nor views in all his Course  
A Scene so gay : Heroick, noble Youths,  
In Arts, and Arms renown'd, and lovely Nymphs 355  
The fairest of this Isle, where Beauty dwells  
Delighted, and deserts her *Paphian* Grove  
For our more favour'd Shades : In proud Parade  
These shine magnificent, and press around  
The Royal happy Pair. Great in themselves, 360  
They smile superior ; of external Show  
Regardless, while their inbred Virtues give  
A Lustre to their Pow'r, and grace their Court  
With real Splendors, far above the Pomp  
Of eastern Kings, in all their Tinsel Pride. 365

Like

## Book III. THE CHACE.

81

Like Troops of *Amazons*, the female Band  
Prance round their Cars, not in refulgent Arms  
As those of old; unskill'd to wield the Sword,  
Or bend the Bow, these kill with surer Aim.

The royal Offspring, fairest of the Fair, 370

Lead on the splendid Train. *Anna* more bright

Than Summer Suns, or as the Light'ning keen, 370

With irresistible Effulgence arm'd,

Fires ev'ry Heart. He must be more than Man,

Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing Ray. 375

*Amelia*, milder than the blushing Dawn,

With sweet engaging Air, but equal Pow'r

In sensibly subdues, and in soft Chains

Her willing Captives leads. *Illustrious Maids*

Ever triumphant! whose victorious Charms, 380

Without the needless Aid of high Descent

Had aw'd Mankind, and taught the World's great

Lords

G

To

To bow and sue for Grace. But who is he  
Fresh as a Rose-bud newly blown, and fair  
As op'ning Lilies; on whom ev'ry Eye  
With Joy, and Admiration dwells? See, see,  
He reins his docile Barb with manly Grace.

Is it *Adonis* for the Chace array'd?  
Or *Britain's* second Hope? Hail blooming Youth!  
May all your Virtues with your Years improve,  
'Till in consummate Worth, you shine the Pride  
Of these our Days, and to succeeding Times  
A bright Example. As his Guard of Mutes  
On the great Sultan wait, with Eyes deject  
And fix'd on Earth, no Voice, no Sound is heard  
Within the wide Serail, but all is hush'd,  
And awful Silence reigns; thus stand the Pack  
Mute and unmov'd, and cow'ring low to Earth,  
While pass the glitt'ring Court, and Royal Pair:  
So disciplin'd those Hounds, and so reserv'd,

400

The  
Whoſe

BOOK III. THE CHACE. 83

Whose Honour 'tis to glad the Hearts of Kings.  
But soon the winding Horn, and Huntsman's Voice,  
Let loose the gen'ral Chorus; far around  
Joy spreads its Wings, and the gay Morning smiles.

UNHARBOUR'D now the Royal Stag forsakes 405

His wonted Lair; he shakes his dappled Sides,  
And tossest high his beamy Head, the Copse  
Beneath his Antlers bends. What doubling Shifts  
He tries! not more the wily Hare; in these  
Wou'd still persist, did not the full-mouth'd Pack 410  
With dreadful Consort thunder in his Rear.

395 The Woods reply, the Hunter's clearing Shouts

Float thro' the Glades, and the wide Forest rings.

How merrily they chant! their Nostrils deep  
Inhale the grateful Steam. Such is the Cry, 415

And such th'harmonious Din, the Soldier deems

400 The Battle kindling, and the Statesman grave

Whole

Forgets his weighty Cares; each Age, each Sex  
In the wild Transport joins; luxuriant Joy,  
And Pleasure in Excess, sparkling exult  
On ev'ry Brow, and revel unrestrain'd.  
How happy art thou, Man, when thou'rt no more  
Thy self! when all the Pangs that grind thy Soul,  
In Rapture and in sweet Oblivion lost,  
Yield a short Interval, and Ease from Pain!

SEE the swift Courser strains, his shining Hoofs  
Securely beat the solid Ground. Who now  
The dang'rous Pitfall fears, with tangling Heath  
High-overgrown? Or who the quiv'ring Bog  
Soft-yielding to the Step? All now is plain,  
Plain as the Strand Sea-lav'd, that stretches far  
Beneath the rocky Shore. Glades crossing Glades  
The Forest opens to our wond'ring View:  
Such was the King's Command. Let Tyrants

Lay waste the World ; his the more glorious Part 435

To check their Pride ; and when the brazen Voice

Of War is hush'd, (as erst victorious *Rome*)

T'employ his station'd Legions in the Works

Of Peace ; to smooth the rugged Wilderness.

To drain the stagnate Fen, to raise the Slope 440

Depending Road, and to make gay the Face

Of Nature, with th'Embellishments of Art.

How melts my beating Heart ! as I behold

Each lovely Nymph our Island's Boast and Pride,

Push on the gen'rous Steed, that strokes along 445

O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy Hill,

Nor faulters in th'extended Vale below :

Their Garments loosely waving in the Wind,

And all the Flush of Beauty in their Cheeks !

While at their Sides their pensive Lovers wait, 450

Direct their dubious Course ; now chill'd with Fear

Solicitous, and now with Love inflam'd.

O ! grant, indulgent Heav'n, no rising Storm  
May darken with black Wings, this glorious Scene!  
Shou'd some malignant Pow'r thus damp our Joys,  
Vain were the gloomy Cave, such as of old 45  
Betray'd to lawless Love the *Tyrian Queen*.  
For *Britain's* virtuous Nymphs are chaste as fair,  
Spotless, unblam'd, with equal Triumph reign  
In the Dun Gloom, as in the Blaze of Day. 46

Now the blown Stag, thro' Woods, Bogs, Roads

and Streams

Has measur'd half the Forest; but alas !

He flies in vain, he flies not from his Fears.

Tho' far he cast the ling'ring Pack behind,

His haggard Fancy still with Horrors views 47

The fell Destroyer; still the fatal Cry

Insults his Ears, and wounds his trembling Heart.

So the poor Fury-haunted Wretch (his Hands

In guiltless Blood distain'd) still seems to hear 469

The dying Shrieks; and the pale threat'ning Ghost

Moves as he moves, and as he flies, pursues.

See here his Slot; up yon green Hill he climbs,

Pants on its Brow awhile, sadly looks back

On his Pursuers, cov'ring all the Plain; 475

But wrung with Anguish, bears not long the Sight,

Shoots down the Steep, and sweats along the Vale:

There mingles with the Herd, where once he reign'd

Proud Monarch of the Groves, whose clashing

Beam

His Rivals aw'd, and whose exalted Pow'r

Was still rewarded with successful Love, 480

But the base Herd, have learn'd the Ways of

Men,

Averse they fly, or with rebellious Aim

Chace him from thence; needless their impious  
Deed, 485  
The Huntsman knows him by a thousand Marks,  
Black, and Impos'd; nor are his Hounds deceiv'd; 485  
Too well distinguish these, and never leave  
Their once devoted Foe; familiar grows  
His Scent, and strong their Appetite to kill.  
Again he flies, and with redoubled Speed  
Skims o'er the Lawn; still the tenacious Crew 490  
Hang on the Track, aloud demand their Prey  
And push him many a League, If haply then  
Too far escap'd, and the gay courtly Train  
Behind are cast, the Huntsman's clanging Whip  
Stops full their bold Career; passive they stand, 495  
Unmov'd, an humble, an obsequious Crowd,  
As if by stern *Medusa* gaz'd to Stones.  
So at their Gen'ral's Voice whole Armies halt  
In full Pursuit, and check their Thirst of Blood.

Soon at the King's Command, like hasty Streams 500

Damm'd up a while, they foam, and pour along

With fresh recruited Might. The Stag, who hop'd

His Foes were lost, now once more hears astunn'd

The dreadful Din; he shivers ev'ry Limb,

He starts, he bounds; each Bush presents a Foe. 505

Press'd by the fresh Relay, no Pause allow'd,

Breathless, and faint, he falters in his Pace,

And lifts his weary Limbs with Pain, that scarce

Sustain their Load; he pants, he sobs appall'd;

Drops down his heavy Head to Earth, beneath 510

His cumb'rous Beams oppress'd. But if perchance

Some prying Eye surprize him; soon he rears

Erect his tow'ring Front, bounds o'er the Lawn

With ill-dismembled Vigour, to amuse

The knowing Forester; who inly smiles

At his weak Shifts, and unavailing Frauds.

So midnight Tapers waste their last Remains,

Shine forth a while, and as they blaze expire.  
From Wood to Wood redoubling Thunders roll,  
And bellow thro' the Vales; the moving Storm 520  
Thickens a main, and loud triumphant Shouts,  
And Horns shrill-warbling in each Glade, prelude  
To his approaching Fate. And now in view  
With hobbling Gate, and high, exerts amaz'd  
What Strength is left: To the last Dregs of Life 525  
Reduc'd, his Spirits fail, on ev'ry Side  
Hemm'd in, besieg'd; not the least Op'ning left  
To gleaming Hope, th' Unhappy's last Reserve.  
Where shall he turn? Or whither fly? Despair  
Gives Courage to the Weak. Resolv'd to dye, 530  
He fears no more, but rushes on his Foes,  
And deals his Deaths around; beneath his Feet  
These grovelling lye, those by his Antlers gor'd  
Defile th' enfanguin'd Plain. Ah! see distress'd  
He stands at Bay against yon knotty Trunk, 535

That

## BOOK III. THE CHACE.

91

That covers well his Rear, his Front presents  
An Host of Foes. O ! shun, ye noble Train,  
The rude Encounter, and believe your Lives  
Your Country's Due alone. As now aloof  
They wing around, he finds his Soul uprais'd, 540  
To dare some great Exploit ; he charges home  
Upon the broken Pack, that on each Side  
Fly diverse ; then as o'er the Turf he strains,  
He vents the cooling Stream, and up the Breeze  
Urges his Course with eager Violence : 545  
Then takes the Soil, and plunges in the Flood  
Precipitant ; down the Mid-Stream he wafts  
Along, 'till (like a Ship distress'd, that runs  
Into some winding Creek) close to the Verge  
Of a small Island, for his weary Feet 550  
Sure Anchorage he finds, there skulks immers'd.  
His Nose alone above the Wave draws in  
The vital Air ; all else beneath the Flood  
That Conceal'd,

Conceal'd, and lost, deceives each prying Eye  
Of Man or Brute. In vain the crowding Pack 555  
Draw on the Margin of the Stream, or cut  
The liquid Wave with oary Feet, that move  
In equal Time. The gliding Waters leave  
No Trace behind, and his contracted Pores  
But sparingly perspire : The Huntsman strains 560  
His lab'ring Lungs, and puffs his Cheeks in vain :  
At length a Blood-hound bold, studious to kill,  
And exquisite of Sense, winds him from far ;  
Headlong he leaps into the Flood his Mouth 565  
Loud op'ning spends amain, and his wide Throat  
Swells ev'ry Note with Joy ; then fearless dives  
Beneath the Wave, hangs on his Hanch, and wounds  
Th'unhappy Brute, that flounders in the Stream, 570  
Sorely distres'd, and struggling strives to mount  
The steepy Shore. Happly once more escap'd ;  
Again he stands at Bay, amid the Groves

## BOOK III. THE CHACE.

93

Of Willows, bending low their downy Heads.

Outrageous Transport fires the greedy Pack;

These swim the Deep, and those crawl up with

Pain

The slipp'ry Bank, while others on firm Land 575

Engage; the Stag repells each bold Assault,

Maintains his Post, and Wounds for Wounds re-

turns.

As when some wily Corsair boards a Ship

Full-freighted, or from *Afric's* golden Coasts,

Or *India's* wealthy Strand, his bloody Crew

580

Upon her Deck he flings; these in the Deep

Drop short, and swim to reach her steepy Sides,

And clinging climb aloft; while those on Board

Urge on the Work of Fate; the Master bold,

Pref'sd to his last Retreat, bravely resolves

585

To sink his Wealth beneath the whelming Wave,

His Wealth, his Foes, nor unreveng'd to dye.

So

So fares it with the Stag : So he resolves  
To plunge at once into the Flood below,  
Himself, his Foes in one deep Gulph immers'd. 590  
E'er yet he executes this dire Intent,  
In wild Disorder once more views the Light ;  
Beneath a Weight of Woe, he groans distres'd :  
The Tears run trickling down his hairy Cheeks ;  
He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The King beholds 595  
His wretched Plight, and Tenderness innate  
Moves his great Soul. Soon at his high Command  
Rebuk'd, the disappointed, hungry Pack  
Retire submis, and grumbling quit their Prey.

GREAT Prince ! from thee, what may thy Sub-  
jects hope ; 600

So kind, and so beneficent to Brutes ?

O Mercy, heav'nly born ! Sweet Attribute !

Thou great, thou best Prerogative of Pow'r !

Justice

Justice may guard the Throne, but join'd with thee,

On Rocks of Adamant it stands secure, 605

And braves the Storm beneath; soon as thy Smiles

Gild the rough Deep, the foaming Waves subside,

And all the noisy Tumult sinks in Peace.

## The ARGUMENT of the Fourth Book.

**O**F the Necessity of destroying some Beasts, and preserving others for the Use of Man. Of breeding of Hounds; the Season for this Business. The Choice of the Dog, of great Moment. Of the Litter of Whelps. Of the Number to be rear'd. Of setting them out to their several Walks. Care to be taken to prevent their Hunting too soon. Of ent'ring the Whelps. Of breaking them from running at Sheep. Of the Diseases of Hounds. Of their Age. Of Madness; two Sorts of it described, the Dumb, and outragious Madness: It's dreadful Effects. Burning of the Wound recommended as preventing all ill Consequences. The infectious Hounds to be separated, and fed apart. The Vanity of trusting to the many infallible Cures for this Malady. The dismal Effects of the Biting of a Mad Dog, upon Man described. Description of the Otter Hunting. The Conclusion.

## BOOK the Fourth.

**W**HATE'ER of Earth is form'd, to Earth re-  
turns,  
Dissolv'd : the various Objects we behold,  
Plants, Animals, this whole material Mass,  
Are ever changing, ever new. The Soul  
Of Man alone, that Particle divine,  
Escapes the Wreck of Worlds, when all things fail.  
Hence great the Distance 'twixt the Beasts that per-  
ish,  
And God's bright Image, Man's immortal Race.  
The Brute Creation are his Property,  
Subservient to his Will, and for him made.

As hurtful these he kills, as useful those  
Preserves ; their sole and arbitrary King.  
Shou'd he not kill, as erft the *Samian Sage*  
Taught unadvis'd, and *Indian Brachmans* now  
As vainly preach ; the teeming rav'ous Brutes  
Might fill the scanty Space of this Terrene,  
Incumb'ring all the Globe : Shou'd not his Care  
Improve his growing Stock, their Kinds might fail,  
Man might once more on Roots, and Acorns feed,  
And thro' the Deserts range, shiv'ring, forlorn,  
Quite destitute of ev'ry Solace dear,  
And ev'ry smiling Gaiety of Life.

THE prudent Huntsman therefore will supply

With annual large Recruits, his broken Pack,  
And propagate their Kind. As from the Root  
Fresh Scions still spring forth, and daily yield  
New blooming Honours to the Parent-Tree.

Far shall his Pack be fam'd, far sought his Breed,

And Princes at their Tables feast those Hounds

His Hand presents, an acceptable Boon.

30

E'ER yet the Sun thro' the bright Ram has urg'd

His sleepy Course, or Mother Earth unbound

Her frozen Bosom to the *Western Gale* ;

When feather'd Troops, their social Leagues dis-

solv'd,

Select their Mates, and on the leafless Elm

35

The noisy Rook builds high her wicker Nest ;

Mark well the wanton Females of thy Pack,

That curl their Taper Tails, and frisking court

Their pyebald Mates enamour'd ; their red Eyes

Flash Fires impure ; nor Rest, nor Food they take,

40

Goaded by furious Love. In sep'rate Cells

Confine them now, lest bloody Civil Wars

Annoy thy peaceful State. If left at large,

The growling Rivals in dread Battle join,  
And rude Encounter. On *Scamander's* Streams 45  
Heroes of old with far less Fury fought,  
For the bright *Spartan* Dame, their Valour's Prize.  
Mangled and torn thy fav'rite Hounds shall lie,  
Stretch'd on the Ground ; thy Kennel shall appear  
A Field of Blood : like some unhappy Town 50  
In Civil Broils confus'd, while Discord shakes  
Her bloody Scourge aloft, fierce Parties rage,  
Staining their impious Hands in mutual Death.  
And still the best belov'd, and bravest fall :  
Such are the dire Effects of lawless Love. 55

HUNTSMAN ! these Ills by timely prudent Care  
Prevent : for ev'ry longing Dame select  
Some happy Paramour ; to him alone  
In Leagues connubial join. Consider well  
His Lineage ; what his Fathers did of old, 60

Chiefs of the Pack, and first to climb the Rock,

Or plunge into the Deep, or thread the Brake

With Thorns sharp-pointed, plash'd, and Briars in-  
woven.

Observe with Care his Shape, Sort, Colour, Size.

Nor will sagacious Huntsmen less regard 65

His inward Habits, the vain Babbler shun,

Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong.

His foolish Offspring shall offend thy Ears

With false Alarms, and loud Impertinence.

Nor less the shifting Cur avoid, that breaks 70

Illusive from the Pack ; to the next Hedge

Devious he strays, there ev'ry Muse he tries,

If haply then he cross the streaming Scent,

Away he flies vain-glorious ; and exults

As of the Pack supreme, and in his Speed 75

And Strength unrivall'd. Lo ! cast far behind

His vex'd Associates pant, and lab'ring strain

To climb the steep Ascent. Soon as they reach

Th'insulting Boaster, his false Courage fails,

Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal Noose,

His Master's Hate, and Scorn, of all the Field.

What can from such be hop'd, but a base Brood

Of coward Curs, a frantick, vagrant Race?

WHEN now the third revolving Moon appears,

With sharpen'd Horns, above th'Horizon's Brink;

Without *Lucina's* Aid, expect thy Hopes

Are amply crown'd; short Pangs produce to Light

The smoking Litter, crawling, helpless, blind,

Nature their Guide, they seek the pouting Teat

That plenteous streams. Soon as the tender Dam

Has form'd them with her Tongue, with Pleasur

view

The Marks of their renown'd Progenitors,

Sure Pledge of Triumphs yet to come. All these

## BOOK IV. THE CHACE.

103

Select with Joy ; but to the merc'less Flood  
Expose the dwindling Refuse, nor o'erload 95  
Th'indulgent Mother. If thy Heart relent,  
Unwilling to destroy, a Nurse provide,  
And to the Foster-Parent give the Care  
Of thy superfluous Brood ; she'll cherish kind  
The Alien Offspring ; pleas'd thou shalt behold 100  
Her Tenderness, and hospitable Love.

If frolick now, and play-full they desert  
Their gloomy Cell, and on the verdant Turf  
With Nerves improv'd, pursue the mimick Chace,  
Coursing around ; unto thy choicest Friends 105  
Commit thy valu'd Prize : The rustick Dames  
Shall at thy Kennel wait, and in their Laps  
Receive thy growing Hopes, with many a Kiss  
Caress, and dignify their little Charge  
With some great Title, and resounding Name 110

Of high Import. But cautious here observe  
To check their youthful Ardour, nor permit  
The unexperienc'd Younger, immature,  
Alone to range the Woods, or haunt the Brakes  
Where dodging Conies sport: His Nerves unstrung,  
And Strength unequal; the laborious Chace 116  
Shall stint his Growth, and his rash forward Youth  
Contract such vicious Habits, as thy Care  
And late Correction never shall reclaim.

WHEN to full Strength arriv'd, mature and bold,  
Conduct them to the Field; not all at once, 121  
But as thy cooler Prudence shall direct,  
Select a few, and form them by Degrees  
To stricter Discipline. With these confort  
The Stanch, and steady Sages of thy Pack, 125  
By long Experience vers'd in all the Wiles,  
And subtle Doublings of the various Chace.

Easy the Lesson of the youthful Train,  
When Instinct prompts, and when Example guides.

If the too forward Younger at the Head 130

Press boldly on, in wanton sportive Mood,

Correct his Haste, and let him feel abash'd

The ruling Whip. But if he stoop behind

In wary modest Guise, to his own Nose

Confiding sure; give him full Scope to work 135

His winding Way, and with thy Voice applaud

His Patience, and his Care; soon shalt thou view

The hopeful Pupil Leader of his Tribe,

And all the list'ning Pack attend his Call.

OFT lead them forth where wanton Lambkins  
play, 140

And bleating Dams with jealous Eyes observe

Their tender Care. If at the crowding Flock

He bay presumptuous, or with eager Haste

Pursue

Pursue them scatter'd o'er the verdant Plain ;  
In the foul Fact attach'd, to the strong Ram 145  
Tye fast the rash Offender. See ! at first  
His horn'd Companion, fearful, and amaz'd,  
Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged Ground :  
Then with his Load fatigued, shall turn a Head,  
And with his curl'd hard Front incessant peal 150  
The panting Wretch ; 'till breathless and astunn'd,  
Stretch'd on the Turf he lie. Then spare not thou  
The twining Whip, but ply his bleeding Sides  
Lash after Lash, and with thy threat'ning Voice,  
Harsh-echoing from the Hills, inculcate loud 155  
His vile Offence. Sooner shall trembling Doves  
Escap'd the Hawk's sharp Talons, in mid Air,  
Assail their dang'rous Foe, than he once more  
Disturb the peaceful Flocks. In tender Age  
Thus Youth is train'd ; as curious Artists bend 160

The taper, pliant Twig ; or Potters form

Their soft and ductile Clay to various Shapes.

NOR is't enough to breed ; but to preserve

Must be the Huntsman's Care. The stanch old  
Hounds,

Guides of thy Pack, tho' but in Number few, 165

Are yet of great Account ; shall oft untye

The Gordian Knot, when Reason at a stand

Puzzling is lost, and all thy Art is vain.

O'er clogging Fallows, o'er dry plaster'd Roads, 169

O'er floated Meads, o'er Plains with Flocks distain'd

Rank-scenting, these must lead the dubious Way.

As Party-Chiefs in Senates who preside,

With pleaded Reason and with well-turn'd Speech

Conduct the staring Multitude ; so these

160 Direct the Pack, who with joint Cry approve, 175

The And loudly boast Discov'ries not their own

UNNUMBER'D Accidents, and various Ills,  
Attend thy Pack, hang hov'ring o'er their Heads,  
And point the Way that leads to Death's dark Cave.  
Short is their Span; few at the Date arrive  
Of ancient *Argus* in old *Homer's* Song 180  
So highly honour'd: Kind, sagacious Brute!  
Not ev'n *Minerva's* Wisdom could conceal  
Thy much lov'd Master from thy nicer Sense.  
Dying his Lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er 184  
With eager Eyes, then clos'd those Eyes, well pleas'd

OF lesser Ills the Muse declines to sing,  
Nor stoops so low; of these each Groom can tell  
The proper Remedy. But O! what Care!  
What prudence can prevent Madness, the worst  
Of Maladies? Terrifick Pest! that blasts 190  
The Huntsman's Hopes, and Desolation spreads

Thro'

V.  
Book IV. THE CHACE.

109

Thro' all th'unpeopled Kennel unrestrain'd.

More fatal than th'envenom'd Viper's Bite ;

Or that *Apulian* Spider's pois'nous Sting,

Heal'd by the pleasing Antidote of Sounds.

195

80 WHEN *Sirius* reigns, and the Sun's parching Beams

Bake the dry gaping Surface, visit thou

Each Ev'n and Morn, with quick observant Eye,

Thy panting Pack. If in dark fullen Mood,

184 The glouting Hound refuse his wonted Meal, 200

Retiring to some close, obscure Retreat,

Gloomy, disconsolate : With Speed remove

The poor infectious Wretch, and in strong Chains

Bind him suspected. Thus that dire Disease

Which Art can't cure, wise Caution may prevent. 205

190 BUT this neglected, soon expect a Change,

A dismal Change, Confusion, Frenzy, Death.

Thro'  
Or

Or in some dark Recess the senseless Brute  
Sits sadly pining: Deep Melancholy,  
And black Despair, upon his clouded Brow 210  
Hang low'ring; from his half op'ning Jaws  
The clammy Venom, and infectious Froth,  
Distilling fall; and from his Lungs inflam'd,  
Malignant Vapours taint the ambient Air,  
Breathing Perdition: His dim Eyes are glaz'd, 215  
He droops his pensive Head, his trembling Limbs  
No more support his Weight; abject he lies,  
Dumb, spiritless, benumb'd; 'till Death at last  
Gracious attends, and kindly brings Relief.

OR if outragious grown, behold alas ! 220  
A yet more dreadful Scene; his glaring Eyes  
Redden with Fury, like some angry Boar  
Churning he foams; and on his Back erect  
His pointed Bristles rise; his Tail incurv'd

## Book IV. THE CHACE.

III

He drops, and with harsh broken Howlings rends 225

The poison-tainted Air, with rough hoarse Voice

Incessant Bays; and snuffs th' infectious Breeze;

This Way and that he stares aghast, and starts

At his own Shade; jealous, as if he deem'd

The World his Foes. If haply tow'r'd the Stream 230

He cast his roving Eye, cold Horror chills

His Soul; averse he flies, trembling, appall'd.

Now frantick to the Kennel's utmost Verge

Raving he runs, and deals Destruction round.

The Pack fly diverse; for whate'er he meets 235

Vengeful he bites, and ev'ry Bite is Death.

If now perchance thro' the weak Fence escap'd,

Far up the Wind he roves, with open Mouth

Inhales the cooling Breeze, nor Man, nor Beast

He spares implacable. The Hunter-horse 240

Once kind Associate of his sylvan Toils,

(Who haply now without the Kennel's Mound  
Crops the rank Mead, and list'ning hears with Joy  
The clearing Cry, that Morn and Eve salutes  
His raptur'd Sense) a wretched Victim falls. 245  
Unhappy Quadrupede ! no more, alas !  
Shall thy fond Master with his Voice applaud  
Thy Gentleness, thy Speed ; or with his Hand  
Stroke thy soft dappled Sides, as he each Day  
Visits thy Stall, well pleas'd ; no more shalt thou 250  
With sprightly Neighings, to the winding Horn,  
And the loud op'ning Pack in Confort join'd,  
Glad his proud Heart. For oh ! the secret Wound  
Rankling inflames, he bites the Ground and dies.

HENCE to the Village with pernicious Haste 255

Baleful he bends his Course : The Village flies  
Alarm'd ; the tender Mother in her Arms,  
Hugs close the trembling Babe ; the Doors are barr'd,

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Book 4<sup>th</sup> page 124.



A. Walker del. et Sculp.

## Book IV. THE CHACE.

113

And flying Curs by native Instinct taught,  
Shun the contagious Bane ; the rustick Bands 260  
Hurry to Arms, the rude Militia seize  
Whate'er at hand they find ; Clubs, Forks, or Guns  
From ev'ry Quarter charge the furious Foe,  
In wild Disorder, and uncouth Array : 264  
'Till now with Wounds on Wounds oppres'd and gor'd  
At one short pois'nous Gasp he breaths his last.

HENCE to the Kennel, Muse, return, and view,  
With heavy Heart that Hospital of Woe ;  
Where Horror stalks at large, infatiate Death  
Sits growling o'er his Prey : Each Hour presents 270  
A diff'rent Scene of Ruin and Distress.  
How busy art thou, Fate ! and how severe  
Thy pointed Wrath ! the Dying and the Dead  
Promiscuous lye ; o'er these the Living fight  
In one eternal Broil ; not conscious why, 275

I

Nor

Nor yet with whom. So Drunkards in their Cups,  
Spare not their Friends, while senseless Squabble reigns.

HUNTSMAN! it much behooves thee to avoid  
The perilous Debate! Ah! rouze up all  
Thy Vigilance, and tread the treach'rous Ground 280  
With careful Step. Thy Fires unquench'd preserve,  
As erst the Vestal Flame; the pointed Steel  
In the hot Embers hide; and if surpriz'd  
Thou feel'st the deadly Bite, quick urge it home  
Into the recent Sore, and cauterize 285  
The Wound; spare not thy Flesh, nor dread th' Event  
*Vulcan* shall save, when *Aesculapius* fails.

HERE, shou'd the knowing Muse recount the Mea  
To stop this growing Plague. And here, alas!  
Each Hand presents a sov'reign Cure, and boasts 290  
Infallibility, but boasts in vain.

On this depend, each to his sep'rate Seat  
gns. Confine, in Fetters bound ; give each his Mess  
 Apart, his Range in open Air ; and then  
 If deadly Symptoms to thy Grief appear ; 295  
 Devote the Wretch, and let him greatly fall,  
 A gen'rous Victim for the publick Weal.

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oasts 29  
0  
SING, philosophick Muse, the dire Effects  
Of this contagious Bite on hapless Man.

The rustick Swains, by long Tradition taught 300  
 28 Of Leeches old as soon as they perceive  
 The Bite impress'd, to the Sea-Coasts repair.

Plung'd in the briny Flood, th'unhappy Youth  
 Now journeys home secure ; but soon shall wish

The Seas as yet had cover'd him beneath 305  
 The foaming Surge, full many a Fathom deep.

Fate more dismal, and superior Ills  
 Hang o'er his Head devoted. When the Moon

Closing her monthly round, returns again  
To glad the Night; or when full-orb'd she shines 310  
High in the Vault of Heav'n; the lurking Pest  
Begins the dire Assault. The pois'nous Foam  
Thro' the deep Wound instill'd with hostile Rage,  
And all its fiery Particles saline,  
Invades th'arterial Fluid; whose red Waves 315  
Tempestuous heave, and their Cohesion broke,  
Fermenting boil; intestine War ensues,  
And Order to Confusion turns embroil'd.  
Now the distended Vessels scarce contain  
The wild Uproar, but press each weaker Part, 320  
Unable to resist: The tender Brain,  
And Stomach suffer most; Convulsions shake  
His trembling Nerves, and wand'ring pungent Pains  
Pinch sore the sleepless Wretch; his flutt'ring Pulse  
Oft intermits; pensive, and sad, he mourns 325  
His cruel Fate, and to his weeping Friends

Laments in vain ; to hasty Anger prone,  
Resents each slight Offence, walks with quick Step,  
And wildly stares ; at last with boundless Sway  
The Tyrant Frenzy reigns. For as the Dog, 330  
(Whose fatal Bite convey'd th'infestious Bane)  
Raving he foams, and howls and barks, and bates.  
Like Agitations in his boiling Blood  
Present like Species to his troubled Mind ;  
His Nature, and his Actions all canine. 335  
So as (old Homer sung) th'Associates wild  
Of wand'ring *Ithacus*, by *Circe's* Charms  
To Swine transform'd, ran gruntling thro' the Groves.  
Dreadful Example to a wicked World ! 339  
See there distress'd he lies ! parch'd up with Thirst,  
But dares not drink. 'Till now at last his Soul  
Trembling escapes, her noisome Dungeon leaves,  
And to some purer Region wings away.

ONE Labour yet remains, celestial Maid !

Another Element demands thy Song.

345

No more o'er craggy Steeps, thro' Coverts thick

With pointed Thorn, and Briers intricate,

Urge on with Horn and Voice the painful Pack :

But skim with wanton Wing th'irriguous Vale,

Where winding Streams amid the flow'ry Meads

350

Perpetual glide along ; and undermine

The cavern'd Banks, by the tenacious Roots

Of hoary Willows arch'd; gloomy Retreat

Of the bright scaly Kind ; where they at Will,

On the green watry Reed their Pasture graze,

355

Suck the moist Soil, or slumber at their Ease,

Rock'd by the restless Brook, that draws a slope

Its humid Train, and laves their dark Abodes.

Where rages not Oppression ? Where, alas !

Is Innocence secure ? Rapine and Spoil

360

In ga

Haunt ev'n the lowest Deeps ; Seas have their Sharks,

Rivers and Ponds inclos'd the rav'rous Pike ;

He in his Turn becomes a Prey ; on him

Th'amphibious Otter feasts. Just is his Fate 364

Deserv'd : But Tyrants know no Bounds ; nor Spears

That bristle on his Back, defend the Perch

From his wide greedy Jaws ; nor burnish'd Mail

The yellow Carp ; nor all his Arts can save

Th'insinuating Eel, that hides his Head

Beneath the slimy Mud ; nor yet escapes 370

The crimson-spotted Trout, the River's Pride,

And Beauty of the Stream. Without Remorse,

This midnight Pillager ranging around,

Infatiate swallows all. The Owner mourns

Th' unpeopled Rivulet, and gladly hears

375

The Huntsman's early Call, and fees with Joy

The jovial Crew, that march upon its Banks

360 In gay Parade, with bearded Lances arm'd.

THIS subtle Spoiler of the Beaver kind,  
 Far off perhaps, where ancient Alders shade 380  
 The deep still Pool; within some hollow Trunk  
 Contrives his wicker Couch: Whence he surveys  
 His long Purlieu, Lord of the Stream, and all  
 The finny Shoals his own. But you, brave Youths,  
 Dispute the Felon's Claim; try ev'ry Root, 385  
 And ev'ry reedy Bank; encourage all  
 The busy-spreading Pack, that fearless plunge  
 Into the Flood, and cross the rapid Stream.  
 Bid Rocks and Caves, and each resounding Shore,  
 Proclaim your bold Defiance; loudly raise 390  
 Each clearing Voice, 'till distant Hills repeat  
 The Triumphs of the Vale. On the soft Sand  
 See there his Seal impress'd! and on that Bank  
 Behold the glittering Spoils, half-eaten Fish, 394  
 Scales, Fins, and Bones, the Leavings of his Feast.

Ah!

Ah ! on that yielding Sag-bed, see, once more  
His Seal I view. O'er yon dank rushy Marsh  
The fly Goose-footed Proler bends his Course,  
And seeks the distant Shallows. Huntsman, bring  
Thy eager Pack ; and trail him to his Couch. 400  
Hark ! the loud Peal begins, the clam'rous Joy,  
The gallant Chiding, loads the trembling Air.

85 *Ye Naiads* fair, who o'er these Floods preside,  
Raise up your dripping Heads above the Wave,  
And hear our Melody. Th'harmonious Notes 405  
Float with the Stream ; and ev'ry winding Creek  
390 And hollow Rock, that o'er the dimpling Flood  
Nods pendant ; still improve from Shore to Shore  
Our sweet reiterated Joys. What Shouts ! 409  
What Clamour loud ! What gay heart-chearing Sounds  
394 Urge thro' the breathing Brafs their mazy Way !  
Not Quires of Tritons glad with sprightlier Strains

Ah! The

The dancing Billows ; when proud *Neptune* rides  
In Triumph o'er the Deep. How greedily  
They snuff the fishy Steam, that to each Blade 415  
Rank-scenting clings ! See ! how the Morning Dews  
They sweep, that from their Feet besprinkling drop  
Dispers'd, and leave a Track oblique behind.  
Now on firm Land they range ; then in the Flood  
They plunge tumultuous ; or thro' reedy Pools 420  
Rustling they work their Way : no Holt escapes  
Their curious Search. With quick Sensation now  
The fuming Vapour stings ; flutter their Hearts,  
And Joy redoubled bursts from ev'ry Mouth.  
In louder Symphonies. Yon hollow Trunk, 425  
That with its hoary Head incurv'd, salutes  
The passing Wave ; must be the Tyrant's Fort,  
And dread abode. How these impatient climb,  
While others at the Root incessant Bay :  
They put him down. See, there he dives along ! 430

BOOK IV. THE CHACE.

123

Th' ascending Bubbles mark his gloomy Way.

Quick fix the Nets, and cut off his Retreat

15 Into the shelt'ring Deeps. Ah, there he vents !

The Pack lunge headlong, and pretended Spears

Menace Destruction. While the troubled Surge 435

Indignant foams, and all the scaly Kind

Affrighted, hide their Heads. Wild Tumult reigns,

420 And loud Uproar. Ah, there once more he vents !

See, that bold Hound has seiz'd him ; down they sink,

Together lost : But soon shall he repent

440

His rash Assault. See there escap'd, he flies

Half drown'd, and clammers up the slipp'ry Bank

425 With Ouze and Blood distain'd. Of all the Brutes,

Whether by Nature form'd, or by long Use,

This artful Diver best can bear the Want

445

Of vital Air. Unequal is the Fight,

Beneath the whelming Element. Yet there

430 He lives not long ; but Respiration needs

Th'

At

At proper Intervals. Again he vents ;  
Again the Crowd attack. That Spear has pierc'd 450  
His Neck ; the crimson Waves confess the Wound.  
Fix'd is the bearded Lance, unwelcome Guest,  
Where 'er he flies ; with him it sinks beneath,  
With him it mounts ; sure Guide to ev'ry Foe.  
Inly he groans, nor can his tender Wound 455  
Bear the cold Stream. Lo ! to yon sedgy Bank  
He creeps disconsolate ; his num'rous Foes  
Surround him, Hounds, and Men. Pierc'd thr'o and thro',  
On pointed Spears they lift him high in Air ;  
Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain :  
Bid the loud Horns, in gayly-warbling Strains,  
Proclaim the Felon's Fate ; he dies, he dies.

REJOICE, ye scaly Tribes, and leaping dance  
Above the Wave, in Sign of Liberty  
Restor'd ; the cruel Tyrant is no more. 465

BOOK IV. THE CHACE.

125

Rejoice secure and bless'd ; did not as yet  
Remain, some of your own rapacious Kind ;  
And Man, fierce Man, with all his various Wiles.

O Happy ! if ye knew your happy State,  
Ye Rangers of the Fields ; whom Nature boon 470  
Cheers with her Smiles, and ev'ry Element  
Conspires to bless. What, if no Heroes frown  
From marble Pedestals ; nor *Raphael's* Works,  
Nor *Titian's* lively Tints, adorn our Walls ?

Yet these the meanest of us may behold ; 475  
And at another's Cost may feast at Will  
Our wond'ring Eyes ; what can the Owner more ?  
But vain, alas ! is Wealth, not grac'd with Pow'r.

The flow'ry Landskip, and the gilded Dome,  
And Vistas op'ning to the wearied Eye, 480  
Thro' all his wide Domain ; the planted Grove,  
The shrubby Wilderness, with its gay Choir

OF

Of warbling Birds, can't lull to soft Repose  
Th'ambitious Wretch, whose discontented Soul  
Is harrow'd Day and Night ; he mourns, he pines, 485  
Until his Prince's Favour makes him great,  
See there he comes, th'exalted Idol comes !  
The Circle's form'd, and all his fawning Slaves  
Devoutly bow to Earth ; from ev'ry Mouth  
The nauseous Flatt'ry flows, which he returns 490  
With Promises, that die as soon as born.  
Vile Intercourse ! where Virtue has no Place.  
Frown but the Monarch ; all his Glories fade ;  
He mingles with the Throng, outcast, undone,  
The Pageant of a Day ; without one Friend 495  
To sooth his tortur'd Mind ; all, all are fled.  
For tho' they bask'd in his meridian Ray,  
The Insects vanish, as his Beams decline.  
Not such our Friends ; for here no dark Design,

No wicked Int'rest bribes the venal Heart ; 500

But Inclination to our Bosom leads,

And weds them there for Life ; our social Cups

85 Smile, as we smile ; open, and unreserv'd.

We speak our inmost Souls ; good Humour, Mirth,

Soft Complaisance, and Wit from Malice free, 505

Smooth ev'ry Brow, and glow on ev'ry Cheek.

490 O Happiness sincere ! what Wretch wou'd groan

Beneath the galling Load of Pow'r, or walk

Upon the slipp'ry Pavements of the Great,

Who thus cou'd reign, unenvy'd and secure ? 510

495 YE guardian Pow'rs who make Mankind your Care,

Give me to know wise Nature's hidden Depths,

Trace each mysterious Cause, with Judgment read

Th' expanded Volume, and submiss adore

That great creative Will, who at a Word 515

Spoke forth the wond'rous Scene. But if my Soul

No To this gross Clay confin'd, flutters on Earth

With

With less ambitious Wing; unskill'd to range  
 From Orb to Orb, where *Newton* leads the Way;  
 And view with percing Eyes, the grand Machine,  
 Worlds above Worlds; subservient to his Voice, 52  
 Who veil'd in clouded Majesty, alone  
 Gives Light to all; bids the great System move,  
 And changeful Seasons in their Turns advance,  
 Unmov'd, unchang'd, himself. Yet this at least 525  
 Grant me propitious, an inglorious Life,  
 Calm and serene, nor lost in false Pursuits  
 Of Wealth or Honours; but enough to raise  
 My drooping Friends, preventing modest Want  
 That dares not ask. And if to crown my Joys, 530  
 Ye grant me Health, that, ruddy in my Cheeks,  
 Blooms in my Life's Decline; Fields, Woods, and Streams,  
 Each tow'ring Hill, each humble Vale below.  
 Shall hear my clearing Voice, my Hounds shall wake  
 The lazy Morn, and glad th'Horizon round. 535

THE END.



BOOK IV

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*The Frontispiece*



*Gravelot del.*

*A. Waller Sculp.*